

R. G. W.
THE
True Englishman's Miscellany,
In Two P A R T S.

What Pity 'tis a Man can die but once to serve his Country!
ADDISON'S CATO.

P A R T I.

THE
FALSE GUARDIANS
OUTWITTED:
A
BALLAD OPERA,
CONTAINING
Twenty one AIRS.

WITH A
Prologue and Preface, giving some Account
of the Author, and his Reasons for this
Publication.

P A R T II.

CONTAINING A
COLLECTION of Dismal SONGS, Plea-
sant SATIRES, Bitter ENCOMIUMS, Terrible
POEMS, EPIGRAMS, EPITAPHS, &c.
Never before publish'd.

By W. G. *W. G. W.*

*If Thought alone our Appetites cou'd cloy,
And Poets live Chamelion like on Air;
If neither Thirst or Hunger cou'd annoy,
The poorest Poet never need despair.*

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Bookseller and Publisher, at Addison's-Head, a-
gainst St Dunstan's Church, in Fleet-Street. 1740.

[Price Three Shillings.]

THE NEW YORK

IN TWO PARTS

FALSE GUARDIAN

FALSE GUARDIAN

THE NEW YORK



COLLECTED BY THE
BRITISH MUSEUM

THE NEW YORK
IN TWO PARTS

T H E
P R E F A C E



Am now like a young Boy just launch'd into a deep River, when learning to swim; I should be glad to have the right Notion, or Stroke, but have neither the Capacity or Strength. What then must become of me? You'll say, I must sink in Course; but I must tell you, that it is an Act of Cruelty in my Friends, to stand upon the Shore unconcern'd, and see me drown'd. The World may imagine, if this Work appears defective (as I have great Reason to fear it will) that it is either for Want of Capacity, or Care to mend it; all which I grant is true: But I hope they'll allow, there's a great Difference between a Person of Fortune, who writes at his Leisure, and has his Purse to correct his Works, and a Person who has neither Time, Money, nor Learning: He is oblig'd to trust to the good Nature of his Friends to plead his Defence, while the other shall have an hundred Perusals, and a thousand Amendments, and not one of them his own. For a Person to judge mean of a Great Man's

A 2

Work

Works, is as certain a Mark of Ill-Breeding, as it is to commend the Works of one who is low. It is a common Thing for a Reader, when he is ask'd how he likes the Book, or Passage where he has happened to dip into, to turn immediately back to the Dedication, in Order to find out the Author, before he can answer the Question: If he finds him Great in Report, he immediately replies; *O charming, delightful!* But if it happens that he is not acquainted with the Author's Fame, then he slowly answers, — *hum — I can't tell what to make on't; or, I have not read much on't yet;* but the Reason is, because they have not heard any body's Opinion of it before; therefore he's afraid to speak, lest he betrays his Judgment, and shou'd be laugh'd at.

I have known several in my Time, who have call'd *Hudibras* a stupid silly Thing; and *Milton's Paradise Lost*, a Pack of Nonsense. From what can this arise, but gross Ignorance; and it being beyond their Comprehension? For my Part, I judge quite the Reverse; for when I meet with any Thing too deep for me, I am rather inclinable to believe it beautiful, because, was it low and stupid, it might possibly be within my Comprehension.

A young Poet, who is first venturing his Works into the World, may be justly compar'd to an Infant that is learning to walk, under the tender Tuition of a careful Nurse, who, so long as she keeps her Finger in the String,

String, supports it from a Fall, which else it cannot avoid: So fares it now with me; I am, as it were, upon the Top, or very Brink of a dangerous Precipice, and nothing can save me from the dreadful Slip, but the Lenity of my Reader. If any shou'd be so harsh, as to condemn me in the Presence of my Friends, I hope they'll be so good as to answer for me in the Words of the wise Mr *Forefight*, *Nemo omnibus Horis sapit*: Or to sing with the *Farthing-Post*, *Necessity has no Law*.

But I'll freely forgive any Criticisms from a Person, who will find Fault in a good natur'd Way, and then sit down and mend it; but for an ill-natur'd Person to judge and condemn, without Cause or Ability, I pronounce him guilty first.

As I have Reason to distrust the Success of this Work, I shall, by Way of Excuse for the Defects in it, make good my Promise in my Proposals, and give my Reader some little Account of myself; hoping, that when they learn by what Means I became a Poet, they'll readily forgive all Deficiency, and pass'em over the easier.

I was bred in a different Way from this Practice, and employ'd in Business that requir'd but little Study to be a Master of my Trade; and in Order for that, my Master, who was a near Relation, spar'd no Pains for my Instruction. I need not tell you, that I am neither a Man of great Wit, nor high Learning; but

but that I am, in spite of Nature, qualify'd
for ——— a miserable Poet! I was at eleven
Years of Age, taken from School; so that you
may imagine, I am not very perfect, either
in the *Greek* Testament, or the *Hebrew* Dike-
duke. I was then put an Apprentice to a
Kinsman, who was a Clothier in the City of
Worcester; and was very glad I was clear from
the Discipline of a School: And to give myself
my Due, during my Apprenticeship I was ac-
counted very expert in all Manner of ———
Mischiefs; but towards the fag End of my
Time, I apply'd myself much to Study, and
daily improv'd; so that before I was out of
my Time, I cou'd count twenty backwards and
forwards, and write such a Hand, that any bo-
dy might imagine what it meant ——— that
cou'd read it; by which I gain'd such Applause
from my Master, that he wou'd often, to keep
my Hand in, set me Sums in Distraction and
other Rules, to try the Strength of my Brain,
which I always comply'd with, and gave him
such Satisfaction in my Performance, that he
generally tip'd me once a Week a ——— hearty
Threshing; by the Vertue of which the Spirits
were enliven'd, the Memory was refresh'd, and
the whole Frame kept in good Order. Notwith-
standing this Goodness of my Master's, tho' I
wanted for Nothing, but what I was truly sen-
sible of, I had much ado to curb my Inclina-
tions, which aim'd much for *London*, though
I knew not a Soul in it; and therefore resolv'd
to

to see it as soon as I was my own Master : Accordingly, when my Time was expir'd, I acquainted my Father with my Design, who, like wise Mr *Solomon*, endeavour'd to dissuade me from a roving Fancy: But I had heard how *Whittington* had been thrice Lord Mayor, and thought it very hard, if I cou'd not arrive to be Lord Mayor once; and therefore determin'd not to have my good Fortune baulk'd. Red-hot with this glorious Hope, I reply'd to the old Philosopher, who was indeed a tippling one, that if he had any Thing to give me, I shou'd be glad to take it along with me; but that wou'd by no Means do; for he reply'd, that he did not bestow his Money upon me to a good Trade with that Design; and that if I wou'd run stroling about the Countries, I might e'en shift for myself, for I shou'd have Nothing from him but his Blessing, which proved indeed no better than the *Scotch* Bishop's, for I cou'd never make a Bawbee on't. In short, I began my Tour for *London* with a chearful Heart, full of Hope, a green Head, little Fear, and indeed no Acquaintance. What Proposals wou'd you imagine, I cou'd form to myself in this Adventure? What Business or Employment? Art I had none, Learning I had as little; and for Friends, I trusted to Providence. By this you may suppose, my chiefeft Friends were Hope and Resolution: With that, and indeed only that, I trusted myself to the Hazard of my Fate. At my Arrival at *London*, I knew

not

not a Soul, save one • Family only, from whence sprung my chiefest and † only Friend; by whom I was recommended to a noble and worthy † Lady, who has since, by her Ladyship's good Offices, transfer'd me to another noble Family, from whence I have reaped a thousand Blessings in a thousand different Shapes; Experience, Profit, Honour, and a continual Precedent of a thousand glorious Merits still before me. A || Master, whose wise Conduct and prudent Method of Governing his Family; his instinct Carriage to all Mankind, and his generous Behaviour to all the World, was a glorious Example worthy to be copy'd. A § Lady, whose pleasant Humility, and extensive Charity to all Adversity in general, has eccho'd through the admiring World with such Applause, that thou'd I attempt to praise, my Pen, that can but imitate, wou'd ne'er prevail. But common Fame has done her Merits Justice: Had I offer'd to have mention'd this in a Dedication to her Grace, the World might then have thought it Flattery; but as I know her Grace's Vertues and transcendent Merits are beyond my Capacity to express, I shou'd never attempt to paint them, unless I had an abler Skill. Such noble Qualities, as the true Character of her Grace still shines in, if once attempted by so deficient a Pen

* Mr Sandys, Member for Worcester. † Mr Sandys Gentleman. † The Honourable Lady Dodington, Montague. || The Honourable James Douglas, Esq; § Her Grace the Dutchess of Ancafter.

Pen as mine, wou'd lose their Glory in the defective Tryal, and justly condemn my Presumption.

I may perhaps be blamed for taking the Liberty of mentioning her Grace's Name; but I had a natural Cause that in my Bosom glow'd with such a feeling Warmth, it prompted me on in Spight of Fear. I shall now say no more, only beg her Grace's Pardon for this Freedom; but must still own that I have such a Veneration for her noble Family, that I cannot be silent, though I know not how to express myself.

P O S T S C R I P T.

BEFORE I conclude, I beg Leave to inform my Readers, that the Encomium on Woman was written after a Fit of cruel Usage from a hard Hearted Fair; who, after she had trick'd me of my Heart, she disappointed my Bliss, and scorn'd my Affection. At this I grew virulent, and cou'd not rest, till I had my Revenge; but soon after coming into Favour, which I never expected, I became as uneasy at my rash Sentiments, and therefore grew anxious to make them some amends. The Fair Sex I have too much at Heart, to hold my Spleen against 'em; and therefore crave a Truce: And as it is Leap-Year, I take this Opportunity to inform 'em, that I am a Batchelor, and that I hope they will not be backward in supporting the Proverb, and persuing the Gallantry which Leap-Year allows the Fair Sex. If any shou'd

b

be

be desirous to make their Addresses, they need not despair in the Attempt ; for I do assure 'em, that I may be very easily won ; and good Nature will do much. I am now in the Mid-way from twenty to thirty ; and if they wou'd be inform'd of my Fortune, I here inform'em, that I am ——— a poor Poet. The last Period, I suppose, will stop all farther Enquiry ; and therefore I must say this for myself, that, if they are a small Matter too bashful, I am not extremely dull of Apprehension ; and a Nod is as good as a Wink to a blind Horse : And tho' I have been often us'd ill by the Fair Sex, yet I am determin'd to fulfil the Scripture, and return Good for Evil. I shall be gentle as an old milch'd Cow, and as easy to be perswaded as an old doating Lover of ninety-five ; therefore I say, don't despair. I do hereby invite the Fair Sex, nay, and the Fairest of the Sex, challenging the whole Number to a fair Encounter. I shall not make Use of any of the Female Arts to delude 'em of their Reason or Affection ; but whoever shall think it worth their While to advance, shall be sure to meet with a kind Reception. I am,

Ladies,

*As far as Vertue and Modesty will
permit me, Your most obedient
and humble Servant,*

5 JY 62

W. G.

A

*A List of those who have honoured me with
their Subscription.*

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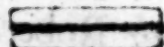
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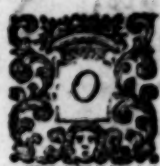
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T H E



THE PROLOGUE.

 U R young, and unexperienc'd Bard with
Fear,
Quite languid stands, ambiguous how to
Steer ;

*A constant Pannick seizes and commands,
His vital System in Perturbation stands.*

— Hark ! says he, what's that ? and then poor Cur,
He's quite distracted, if he hears you stir ;
First Smiles, then Sighs, then Sweats, then Burns,
And Fears and Hopes succeed, and Reign by turns.
Like Lover's Fits, thus fares his quaking Heart,
And humbly sues your Censure may depart.

*If any here takes Pleasure to condemn,
His chiefest Application is to them.* —

Pray go, says he, perhaps they may be Rash,
I'm too, too young, to bear a Critick's Lash :
Implore the Boxes, then Address the Pit,
With all the Grace of Modesty, that's fit,
To beg their Lenity, and to spare their Wit. }
'Confess my Muse, has been too bold to aim,
To please an Audience, who more Musick claim :
My youthful Pen, unskill'd, (with Leave) must try,
If 'not to please, to paint Apology.

What Art, says he, what Rhetorick pursue ?
What Numbers must I use, that are worthy you ?

How

*How dares my giddy Brain attempt to please,
 So wise an Audience, with Lines like these?
 My maiden Works must like a Virgin yield,
 When greater Art, and Charms engage the Field.
 — Behold my Judges rang'd in Stately Rows,
 In glitt'ring Bloom, the Ladies, and the — Beaux,
 The others all with Wisdom, sharp and sage,
 Are justly term'd the Furies of the Stage.
 — Thus humbly he craves your Sentence may
 be brave,
 Your Merit's most, when most you deign to save,
 And not condemn, but spare the guilty Slave!
 Then if you grant, the Pris'ner yet shall live,
 He thanks your Goodness for the Life you give.*



Dramatis Personæ.

Sir Toby Lovewearth, Uncle and Guardian to Dorinda.

Lord Varnish, a silly Fop, in Love with Miss Gaylove.

Mr Rickitt, Uncle to Gaylove, in Love with Dorinda.

Gaylove, a fine Gent. in Love with Dorinda.

Christiano, Son to Sir Toby, in Love with Miss Gaylove.

Captain Swagger, a great Bully, in Love with Dorinda.

Harry, Servant to Gaylove, in Love with Kitty.

Corporal Standfast, The Captain's Follower.

W O M E N.

Dorinda, Neice and Ward to Sir Toby, in Love with Gaylove.

Miss Gaylove, Sister to Gaylove, in Love with Christiano.

Kitty, Servant to Dorinda, in Love with Harry.

Scene Sir Toby's House.



THE
FALSE GUARDIANS
OUTWITTED.

ACT *the First.*

SCENE *the First.*

Enter Kitty.



ORD! What pleasing Pains are in the Tormenting Pleasure of Love! ——— Tormenting Pleasure! That sounds oddly. No Matter, the Rogue has such a soft and gentle Complaisance in his Addresses, that it must overpower the Resolution of a Woman. ——— But then, the Sex are so uncertain we know not when we have 'em.

B

AIR

AIR I.

De'el take the Wars.

*De'el take the Man that is so fickle minded,
Who Ranging Roves from Lads to Lads;
In each new Glance his silly Heart is winded,
Prompt to a Passion by each full Glass:
He oft with Lyes and Swearing,
Solemn Vows, and still declaring,*

*His Passion is Noble, yet perjur'd still goes on!
He Glories to find
The easy Nymph inclin'd;
And Triumphs that she
His easy Prey will be,
Enjoyment soon tires, and then he is gone.*

Enter Harry, listening to the Song, and then approaches.

Har. O Heav'nly Girl! Behold! thy Lover dotes!
To Joy transported by thy beauteous Notes!
Inspir'd to hear the Music of thy Tongue,
And fir'd with Raptures by thy chanting Song:
Sweetest thou among the Vocal Train,
The rest but Mimicks of thy tuneful Strain.—
O could I live on thy delicious Breath,
Chamelion-like, and feed on Air 'till Death:
Then! be'ng snatch'd from thy too precious Arms,
In Death I'd dream of all thy lovely Charms!

Kitty. O you are all Raptures 'till you are fast
bound, and then like the Weather you change
your Nature: From fair, pleasant, and serene,
you thicken into cloudy Storms.

Har.

Har. When ever it happens that we protest too much, the Women are still in Fault: For if we speak freely and don't vow, you think us easy; and if we are not as eager to swear, as you to have us, you judge us indifferent. But it is judging wrong; for often when Men swear most they love the least.

Kitty. That was frankly spoke, and I believe justly: But you are all false, we know not when, or how to believe you.

A I R II.

*Men they are false, so often deceive us,
Smiling they promise, but flatter and Lye;
When we consent, you surely will leave us,
Falsly your Oaths and your Vows you deny;
Thus when you gain us,
You soon disdain us,
You only woe us,
But to undo us,
And then you fly!*

Har. O cruel Maid, how can you refuse me,
The Neighbours all know how I value my Kate?
Kitty. 'Till I'm your Bride, and then you'll misuse me,
Wishing and Sighing will then be too late.

*Now with sweet Kisses
And promised Blissess,
You think to move me —*

Har. Consent to love me,
You'll Crown my Fate.

Kit. Could I but think your love to be loyal,
Or would you prove all your Vows to be true:
Marriage you know will be a strong Tryal —

Har. And all the Bliss I require from you.

Kit. When I'm resign'd
And both are join'd——

Har. O then my Treasure,
What Joy and Pleasure
Will then ensue?

Kit. Well, here's my Hand, my Heart you have already! Be but the Man you seem, and me you shall find whate'er you wish.

Har. Thou art the Glory of thy Sex, and can't boast more Merit than all thy Sex besides: Good Nature and Generosity are still o'erflowing, and for Wit to put it in Execution, that you never want! what a Superfluity of combin'd Merits art thou compos'd of? Nature has been so liberal in your Equipments, that all the rest fall short.

Kit. You are too liberal in your Praises, and would put one out of Countenance in spite of Resolution. But come, how stands Affairs at Home?

Har. My Master you must know is almost Crazy, since Sir *Toby* forbid him his House; and is determin'd to act the Hero in a Politic Shape: Now I know, to pretend to fix a Plot without the Assistance of a Woman, I am certain will never succeed: And for more Reasons than one; in the first Place they are never so well grounded; in the second Place, never so well carry'd on; and in the third Place, are never so fortunate. Then, since it is needful and necessary to have a Woman in our Council, none is so fitting as Mrs *Kitty*.

Kit. Pray Mr *Harry* (if you please) bate a Scruple of your Rhetoric.—— My Lady you must know, is as much out as your Master, and

as

as Ripe for Resolution; she waits only to speak with your Commander, and then set Sail.

Har. Has she fix'd her Course? and is she well Ballast?

Kit. Let me tell you, Ten Thousand Pounds in the Bank of *England*, is not so light Ballast for a Vessel of her Trimm; and if well Steer'd and Mann'd, will scarce fail her Duty.

Har. Well, well, put my Master at her Helm, and if she runs aground I'll suffer Shipwreck.

Kit. Come this is not to the Purpose.

Har. Well, then, this is: My Master you know has had a Passion for your Lady a long Time, and now because my Master's Fortune is not very great, the old Rogue her Uncle has forbid him his House: And yet that is not the Chief Motive neither, as you shall hear presently. My Master is almost crazy to see her, and is contriving a Way to introduce himself into the House in Disguise; and for the better acquainting your Lady with his Design, he has prepared for her Waiting-Gentlewoman, a certain Thing called—a Purse, which he intends to present the first Opportunity.

Kit. Your Master is as clever a Man—as walks upon his Legs; and to say true, his Man is as pretty a Fellow as breaths in the Function; can come round about as near a Way as any Man living. Pray did he bid you say any Thing of this to me?

Har. No, nor did he know I should have the Happiness to see you: But we were talking about the Matter this Morning, when he hinted to me some signal Tokens of his Design; and about an Hour ago, your Young Master was at my Master's Lodgings, and told him of a damn'd Contrivance that he had just found out, and burnt with Impatience 'till he had told him. I can't tell if

if your Lady has been acquainted with it yet; but I suppose she will soon. You must know, that Mr *Rickitt*, my Master's Uncle is tumbld damnably in Love with your Lady, and has offered her Uncle, Sir *Toby*, Five Thousand Pounds to make up the Match; and as far as we can conjecture, that was the Reason my Master was made an Exile. Now as your Young Master has a Sort of Longing for my Master's Sister, (and for whom my Lord *Varnish* stands Candidate) it may be in his Power, to do him a Service in his Turn; and I'm sure he'll not be ungrateful.

Kitty. What the Devil! Does that old Rogue think to sacrifice a Lady of Nineteen, to an old fashion'd, Curmudgeon, Creacky-back'd Dog of Fourscore! 'Egad then Huffy thou art no Woman, nor he no Wolf. I'll immediately Home and prepare my Lady for the News, (if she has not been charm'd with it already) we'll nick the old Sons o' Whores I'll warrant! We'll fit him if he wants a Wife! Mr *Harry* your Servant, if Mr *Gaylove* has any Commands, commend my Duty to him, and in all that my Capacity can serve him, he may Command.

Har. My Dear Girl farewell! I must to my Master: For I suppose he's at Work about it.
Adieu.

[*Exit. the one at one Door, and the other at the other.*]

SCENE the Second.

Enter Captain Swagger, and Corporal Standfast.

Capt. 'Sblood Sir, don't tell me! I'll lay the Whole Creation in a Deluge of Gore! What shall a Soldier and Commander yield his Mistress to a Whipster, a Butterfly? S'wounds Sir, I'll skin him

him alive, Stuff his Hide, and Nail it up for Owls to Hoop at !

Corp. No Sir, rather dress it, and make it into Drum-heads ?

Capt. Thou hast well thought ! It shall be so, I'll have it made into Parchments for that Purpose. 'Sblood ! 'twill cast a Terror through all the Nation !

Corp. And what will your Honour do with his Bones ?

Capt. Convert them into Counters, and give them to the Ladies to play at Cards with.

Corp. That will be too much Honour, Sir ! Rather make them into Heads for your Canes, or Handles for your Hangers, as Trophies of your Victory.

Capt. It shall be so ; and now his Soul shall fly to Hell, there stink and howl !

Enter Gaylove:

Corp. O Dear Sir, here he is ! see how frightened he looks ?

Gay. Who's here ! My Red-coat Rival ? Nay, then, the Gods have sent him as a Prey for my Revenge ! If it be so, have at the Mark.—— Save you Sir. If I mistake not, your Name is Captain *Swagger*.

Corp. Aye Sir ! he wants to coax your Honour with fine Words, I suppose he's an *Irish-man* by his sneering.

Capt. Peace Varlet ! —— Aye Sir, that's my Name. And if I mistake not, you are the Person that courts Sir *Toby Lovewealth's* Niece.

Gay. Sir, I have a favourable Wish towards the Lady's Welfare. But what do you infer from that ? I hope no Rival Captain ?

Capt.

Capt. Only to give you this Hint Sir: That if you have any Regard for your own Safety, you must quit all Pretensions to that Lady, from this Hour; for, Sir, she's to be my Spouse, my Wife, Sir.

Gay. Well, Captain, but I hope you'll allow me a Chance to win the Lady's Inclinations? And if it be not her Election, that I shall be the Man, why then you'll have her by a fair Conquest. But if it be, why should you forbid it?

Capt. Sir, I have already desired you to quit all Pretensions, and that's sufficient?

Gay. Why that's very true as you say. But come Captain, there's no Reason for Quarrelling; since I know that you are a Brave Fellow; and one that dares draw his Sword. — Though it be but to beat the Dogs with. [Aside.

Capt. That's a plain Demonstration that he's a Coward. I'll try, first Bully him, then I'll take him by the Nose, and if he takes that, then I'll send him a Challenge To-morrow Morning: So fright him from all possible Hopes of ever gaining the Lady. [Aside.

Gay. What are you studying on Captain?

Capt. Sir, How to treat such Chaps as you, that molest a Soldier in his Meditations and his Thoughts! And therefore give me leave to tell you Sir, that you are an impertinent Fellow, and deserve the Resentment of a Soldier and a Gentleman. Sir, you have almost provok'd my Sword to a Thirst of Blood!

Corp. Blood, and so he has! Sir, I beg you'll not put him in a Passion? For if once he is in a Passion, he Fights with every Body he meets for a Twelvemonth after?

Gay.

Gay. The Devil he does! And pray how oft
he in a Passion?

Cor. O Lord, Sir! the least Affront in the
World does it.

A I R III.

A Soldier and a Sailor.

Gay. *A Man that's cloathed in Scarlet,
Though ne'er so great a Varlet,
Will bully, swear and threat, Sir,
And oft his Oaths repeat, Sir;
Tho' he dares not draw his Sword:
Tho' he dares not draw his Sword.*

*He'll strut, and boast Commission,
Tho' in a poor Condition:
And sneak to cram his Panch, Sir,
And feed his lazy Hanch, Sir;
Yet damns at every Word;
Yet damns at every Word.*

Capt. Sir, I shall see a Time to make you an-
swer this, and pay severely for your Impudence.

[*Going.*

Gay. But hark you Captain, I must bring you
to, if you are for shearing off, — you must not
steer for that Port you just now mentioned; for
you must know, that it is an Enemy's Island. —
So take that for a Memorandum.

[*Wringing his Nose.*

Cap. Dear, Sir, I ask your Pardon; I was but
in Joak.

Gay. Dear Captain I believe it; and therefore
give me Leave to return it. (*Kicks him*)

Cap. Why really, Sir, you are a very merry
Gentleman.

C

Gay.

Gay. O Sir, to be merry is the Pleasure of Life
But I hope you don't take it ill Captain, the Free-
dom that my slender Acquaintance has taken.

Capt. O, not at all, Sir! So far from that, that
I shall be glad to serve you with all my Heart:
—— And as for the Lady, why she is a Chitty-
faced, puny, wheezele-eyed ——

Gay. Not a Word against the Lady, Sir: for
your Ears:

Capt. O, Sir, upon my Honour, not a Syllable
—— I say that the Lady is a charming Com-
position of lovely Beauty; a Skin as white as
Snow; a Waste fitting for a Goddess, and a
Neck ——

Gay. None of your lavish Praises, Sir! We
know what the Lady is, without your Annotations.

Capt. Sir, your most obedient; —— Sir,
I am your most humble Servant: Sir, I shall be
glad to oblige you with any Service. [Exit.

Gay. I am yours, most noble and valiant Cap-
tain: —— But hark you, you Mr *Sancho*; —
I suppose you desire to share your Master's For-
tune, when you are out upon your Errantry;
therefore, for Fear the Captain should be mer-
cenary, pray accept of that: (Pulls his Ears.)

Corp. O the Devil! Sir, I thank you; I have
enough Sir; Sir, your most humble Servant: ——
Your Servant, Sir. —— I wish the Captain had
been at the Devil before he had spoke to him. (Ex.

Gay. Now, what Pagan Slaves are these?
Meer Curs that bark and yelp, yet dare not bite!
Degenerate Brutes, that make a Fray, but fear to
stand the Issue. —— But, Oh my Heart, my
dear *Dorinda*! How shall I reach thy Ears? My
Sighs, my Love, and all my Hopes are rambling
in the Air, like evil Spirits!

AIR

*Grant me, ye powerful God of Love!
Some pleasing Charm her Heart to move.
O let me find her yield such Joy,
As Time nor Thought can e'er destroy:
Or at this Bosom draw thy Bow
With baneful Force, so end my Woe!*

'Tis better to deal with the Devil, than deal with a Miser; unless there's cursed Gold in the Case, there's no Hope of Success. O Gold, Gold! Thou Fountain of imperfect Happiness! What Baits and Snares thou daily art, to catch the Soul of Folly and Ambition? Well; since the Scale turns thus, I'll about some new-born Maxim:

For Knaves will still command a Right to sway,
And teach the foolish Honest to obey. (*Exit.*)

SCENE changes to Sir Toby's House.

Enter Sir Toby and Christiano.

Sir Toby. You lye, you lye, you lye: He's a Fool, a Beggar, a Shuer, a merry Jack-daw; and I'll have nothing to say to him.

Cbri. Sir, his Father was a Gentleman, and a Man of Honour.

Sir Toby. A Gentleman! Yes, and I'll tell you for why; because he was a Thief, a Thief by Nature; the Sediment of some superannuated old Taylor, that had the Gift of Filching grafted in his Family for ninety Generations.

Cbri. The World knew his Father to be a worthy Gentleman, and a Lover of his Country.

Sir Toby. Yes! And for a Testimony, spent his Estate for it.

Chri. Better so, than cheat them of one.

Sir Toby. That happens to be a Lye again: Better cheat his Country of a hundred, than let his Country chowse him of a Guinea.

Chri. To me it does not seem so.

Sir Toby. Because you are a Fool: ——— But come Mr Wiseaker, since you are older than me, pray answer me this Question: Suppose my Estate (for the Service of my Country) was tyed Neck and Heels, and cast in Dispond, that is to say, mortgag'd, and so forth; whether would my Country redeem it, and help me, or let my Family starve and be damn'd?

Chri. Ingratitude, I know, is faulty; and seldom owns a Friend.

Sir Toby. Ingratitude! Gratitude's a Debt that's paid like Courtiers Bills, with the Wages of Sin; and that clears all Accounts.

Chri. But one, Sir! There is one that will be hard to clear.

Sir Toby. Poh! Fiddle-sticks End! Your Head's clear: Instead of Brains, the Cavity of your Skull is fill'd with Mummy, and your Senses never took Root. [*Exit Sir Toby, manet Chri.*]

Chri. Mr *Gaylove* has a noble Soul; and merits much the Vertues of *Dorinda*: I'll help him in his Suit, and to baffle off his Uncle; nay, I am in a manner bound to do it; for his Case is just my own; and since his Sister commands my Heart, my other Parts are list'd to his Service.

—— I am informed that Lord *Varnish* has a Passion for her, and that he has in some Sort confess'd his Intentions. The Lady I am not afraid of, but her Uncle's Avarice is unquestionable: If the Guineas should appear, my Hopes must
vanish.

vanish. Youth and Age are all too fond of Titles;
and the Name of Lord demands an Adoration, as
tho' 'twere sacred; though, to my Knowledge,
there are some, who can scarce speak to be under-
stood, yet pass upon the World for potent Poli-
ticians: But no matter —

As Love is now my Grief, and only Aim;
So all who love, may still my Friendship claim.

[Exit.

Enter Dorinda and Kitty.

Dor. Is it possible he can be such a Villain?

Kitty. Nay, Madam! There's nothing more
likely. But how does your Ladyship intend to
answer him? Your Fortune is entangled, by his
being your Guardian; and tho' it is out of his
Clutches, yet it is in his Power to plague you.

Dor. Why, this shall be my Method.

A I R V.

Black Joak.

*I'll take the Man my Heart has chose,
And place him where my Passion grows;
Though all the World should say me nay:
My Heart is bound to Cupid's Rules;
I'll not regard such stupid Fools,
Who vainly fool their Time away:
I love the Youth, whose blooming Charms,
Invites a Maid to fill his Arms:
And bless her in his sweet Caress,
What Joys, when clasped to his Breast! —
Ah! Those are Pleasures ne'er decay!*

Kitty.

Kitty. There's some Resolution in you now, Madam: And I wish Mr *Gaylove* had heard this frank Confession.

Dor. It shan't be long first: However, I am determined to indulge my Uncle, to have the better Opportunity of compleating my Design.

Kitty. But suppose the old Gentleman should be for Tacking you together, before Mr *Gaylove* can come to your Assistance, how will you manage then?

Dor. O never doubt: If no other Scheme will do, I can chuse to say (I will) at last.

A I R VI.

Yorkshire Ballad.

*When Parents will sell us for Lucre of Gold,
To freezing old Age, that is torpid and cold,
We can purchase a Lover for what we were sold;
With a down, down, &c,*

Kitty. Nature is indeed more liberal than Laws: And it were to be wished, that the Laws were to be regulated by us. By my Consent, we'd restrain all Marriages by Parents Choice; fine those largely, who interfere with other People's Amours; fine all Batchellors past twenty five, and all Men that should ask a Woman concerning Love or Marriage, when past forty five: Fine all Parents, Guardians, and others, that should endeavour to impose a Lover, or break us off from those we love: That should be the only Way to please ourselves, and have our Husbands ere they're quite worn out, past their Youth, and Sweets of Love in prime Ability.

AIR

(19)
A I R VII.

Floramel.

*Thus we in Sweets of Love
Should revel, sport and play,
In flowing Tides of Joy ;
Excelling all that Tongue can tell,
In charming Extasies we'd dwell.*

*No Lawn, or verdant Grove,
Where Sylvan Nymphs do rove,
And Rural Swains make Love ;
Can equal with that vast Delight
When Lovers sweetly chase the Night.*

Enter Sir Toby.

Sir Toby. Hoity toity ! What the Devil have we here ? A Convocation of singing Fairies ? Or is it a Chorus to our morning Meditation ? What, is it you that is chanting your Notes so merrily ? Why, now I'll warrant your Mistress gives you five Pounds a Year extraordinary for your Singing.

Kitty. I know how she might save Money by it, if she did.

Sir Toby. Ay ; come then let us hear.

Kitty. To sit at Home, content with a Song, instead of going to the Half-Guinea Subscription in the Hay-Market.

Sir Toby. But I have subscribed for a Piece of Musick will please her better than either.

Dor. Pray, what is that ?

Sir Toby. A Husband Child. I had not forgot you ; no, no : I am often thinking and contriving.

Dor. How to cheat all you deal with, I believe.

(Aside.)

Sir

(25)
Sir Toby. And at last I have found out a Husband that will deserve you; one that will doat on you, and keep you like a Princess: A very careful, honest, good, industrious Gentleman; and (when he dies) will be able to leave you great Riches.

Dor. I hope, Sir, he is no raking young Spark, that will marry me for my Fortune, and leave me the first Year.

Sir Toby. No, no, he is a grave, learned, wise Man; and one that will prove a good Husband.

Dor. I am glad on't; for methinks I would not marry a young Man, if he had a Million of Money. But pray who is this noble Lover?

Sir Toby. You will hardly guess in a Twelve-month: But in the first Place he is a very good Scholar, and can calculate Planets and Nativities; he can tell whether you shall marry or not; whether you shall bear Children, or not; whether it will rain, or not; thunder or not. He knows all the lucky Days in the Year, and can tell when any Planet has the Ascendant. He foretold the last Great Eclipse ——— three Days before it happened; ——— and he's now contriving a Scheme to prevent the Tide's flowing any farther than *Greenwich*, during the Building of the *New-Bridge* at *Westminster*.

Enter Lord Varnish.

Lord Varnish. When Hymen's Torch illuminates the Way,

Then Love and Beauty leads the Heart astray!

Dor. What, in Heroics, my Lord? Your Lordship, I think, is always gay.

Lord Var.

Lord Var. Among the Ladies I am, Madam. Beauty has a great Influence over Wit; it inspires the Soul, and fills the Mouth with Eloquence.

Sir Toby. Eloquence is not the Talent of every Tongue, my Lord.

Lord Var. Right: 'Egad thou sayest true; that is according to the Quality of a Person: No private Gentleman can be so eloquent as a Man of Quality; nor is it fit that every poor Rascal should have as much Wit as a Lord.

Dor. Very true, my Lord: But your Lordship's Coming has cut in two a Discourse of great Importance, parted it just in the middle!

Lord Var. Break my Snuff-Box, Madam; but I am very sorry for't: I hope your Ladyship and *Sir Toby* will forgive me; and since it happens so, I'll renew the Visit some other Time. (*Going*)

Dor. O pray, my Lord, don't go; we shall want your Lordship's Advice in th' Matter.

Sir Toby. Ay ——— or, or ——— we can put it off 'till some other Time.

Dor. No, no, we'll make no Stranger of my Lord: I'll tell your Lordship the Business. My Uncle, you must know, has chosen me a Lover; and when your Lordship came in, he was telling me his Merits by Way of Recommendation.

Sir Toby. Aye, my Lord, and he has Merit: He's as wise a Man, as lives by Bread; a brave Arithmetician; he can tell by his Pen, how many Parsley, Carrots, or any other Seed, will sow an Acre of Land; and by the same Rule can instruct his Taylor to cut out his Coat, without his being able to diminish an Inch.

L. V. Pray who is this very learned wise Man?

Dor. Indeed, my Lord, that is a Secret to me.

D

Sir Toby.

Sir Toby. My Lord, it is Mr *Rickits* of *Totter-down-hall*, in the County of *Huntington*; a Man of an ancient Family and good Estate.

L. V. He instruct a Taylor how to cut a Coat! Curse my Snuff-box, if he knows any more of cutting a Coat, than cutting a Caper: And as for his Wit, I pronounce my Taylor's Boy has more, and a better Scholar.

Kitty. My Lord has him. [*Aside to Dorinda.*]

Sir Toby. My Lord, he rules his Family and all his Affairs in Orders of Method and good Decorum.

L. V. 'Gadscurse, but he's a queer old Prig, a meer Compound of the execrable Chaos, roll'd on a Heap, and dryed in the Kiln of Nature, 'till he's within a tittle the Model of a Hott'ntot. A poor, lame, blind, miserable, creachy old Cuff, with a Skin the Colour of my Breakfast Table.

Dor. My Lord, that's not fair, after I told you he was to be my Lover: Besides, we should examine our own Imperfections before we find Fault with our Neighbours.

A I R VIII.

Dear Chloë while thus beyond Measure.

'Tis a Custom that ne'er will decay,
Nor ne'er will be conquer'd by Time,
To pass our own Faults by the way,
When we measure an other Man's Crime.
If a Neighbour should chance to intrude,
We are ready at once to condemn,
But forget when our selves are too rude,
We think not of Justice for them.

L. V.

L. V. Burn my Perriwig, but you are up with me.

Sir Toby. Well, if your Lordship will please to walk into the Dining Room, we'll talk a little more concerning this Matter.

L. V. With all my Soul, Come Madam?

When Love's the Suit, and Beauty is the Prize,
The Judge should learned be, and Counsel
wife? [Exit.

Enter Gaylove, Christiano, and Miss Gaylove.

Chr. Come, my dear Charmer, you have blest me a thousand Times by your Promises, and now in the Presence of your Brother, compleat my Joy: Nothing in Life can make me happy 'till you are mine.

Miss Gay. My Uncle you know is against it, and without his Consent, I can do nothing; I am not as yet out of his Power, nor my Fortune in my own.

Enter Dorinda.

Gay. Ah! My dearest Life, (*Runs and Kisses Dor.*) this is Happiness unlook'd for! What means this happy and unexpected Visit? Thou hast filled my Soul with such a Torrent of Joy, that it flows over.

A I R IX.

Golds Superiority over Love.

*With gentlest Thoughts my Soul's inspir'd,
And tender Wishes join,*

With Cupid's Flame my Heart is fir'd,

*To m —ake it pure as thine,
To make it pure as thine.*

With

With melting Bliss my Bosom swells,

While ev'ry Vital sues,

And ev'ry Pulse my Passion tells;

My H———heart proclaims the News,

My Heart proclaims the News.

Thou hast so transported my Soul and Senses,
that I know not what to say.

Dor. Nor I have hardly time to tell you how I came, or why I am here: I suppose you are not ignorant of the Plot between our two Uncles; they are now together, and have fix'd the Time for my Wedding, which is no longer than To-morrow Night. Now, I hope, I have a Plot in my Head will fit them both. To-morrow Morning at ten o'Clock, every Thing is to be concluded. — Now you must know that I shall insist that my own Lawyer shall draw the Writings, — which if you can personate, ——— you may turn it to your Advantage.

Gay. I understand you: Thou art the Glory of human Invention. O this cursed, damned, confounded Gold! What work it makes among the Mammon-Subjects? Deceit, Ambition, Danger, Murder, all wrought and compleated for the Sake of Gold: It certainly is a very powerful Metal.

Dor. O Gold has a thousand beautiful and shining Qualities.

A I R X.

Love's a gentle generous Passion.

Gold's a Cloud for Imperfections,

Who can e'er be Poor and Brave?

Like the Sun whose bright Reflections

Guilds the Fool and hides the Knave,

Guilds the Fool and hides the Knave.

Honour is an Emulation,
Of the bright and glorious Sun;
Blest with purest Elevation,
Shews with Light where e'er it runs,
Shews with Light where e'er it runs.
Here's a Heart that holds a Passion,
Like the purest Gold refin'd,
By your Eyes bath felt Purgation,
Guided by your purer Mind,
Guided by your purer Mind.

Dor. Well, I hope the Visit will be a confirmation.

Gay. Aye, my Dear, of every Thing I wish; of your Love; of my own Happiness; of your Generosity; of my own change of Fortune; of your sprightly Wit; of my own Hopes of Bliss; and of a thousand sweet and pleasing Prospects of a long and lasting Joy.

Dor. Well, I must bid Adieu, or I shall have a Hue and Cry after me for deserting my Colours.

——— *Madam, your Servant.* ——— *Cousin, I wish you Success.*

Chr. Madam I thank you.

Miss Gay. I am sorry your Visit's so short, Madam.

Dor. You'll remember ten o'Clock to-morrow Morning.

Gay. I will Madam, (*Kisses her*) Adieu my Dear:

Dor. Farewell my Life. [*Exit Dorinda.*]

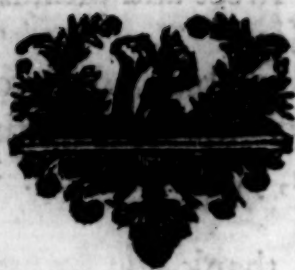
Chr. You know, my Dear, that my Father is as much against Mr Gaylove, as your Uncle is against me: Yet would it not be cruel to comply with the Request of unthinking Age? Should we consult a Parent's Humour to destroy our own Happiness?

ness? What Father or what Uncle, can forbid the Pangs of a tortured Mind? Can they assuage the Anguish of a burning Heart? No, 'tis impossible! Can they call it Care, or Love, or Duty, to destroy our Bliss, and sell us into Slavery.

Gay. Come, my Friend, I must beg the Favour of my Sister and you to Sup with me at my Lodging, I believe by this it may be ready; and then we'll talk more of the Matter.

Chr. With all my Heart: Come, Madam.

And since the Brutes design us for their Ends,
Gay. We'll find a Plot may raise us better Friends.



(The End of the First Act.)

ACT

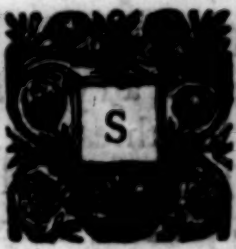


ACT the Second.

SCENE the First.

Mr Gaylove's Lodgings.

Enter Gaylove.

Gay.  Urely in some of my Leisure Hours, I have inadvertently employed my Pen in some Scandalous Libel against the Goddess of Beauty. Else why should the young unlucky Rogue, her Son, delight to plague me thus.

A I R XI:

Who to win a Woman's Favour.

*Why you little blind Contriver,
Will you thus compleat my Woe ?
Must I drain the painful Quiver,
And be servile to thy Bow ?
Pierc'd with Anguish,
Doom'd to Languish,
Still complaining,
You disdaining,
Think the Pain I undergoe,
Think the Pain I undergoe.*

Strike

*Strike the Nymph with equal Burning,
Let her feel the powerful Dart;
Wound her with a Sense discerning,
All my Love, and all my Smart:
Make her Beauty,
Yield to Duty,
You keep Firing,
She Desiring,
Then we'll Love in equal Part,
Then we'll Love in equal Part.*

Enter Harry.

Har. Sir, Mr Rickitt is just now gone to Sir Toby's, and with him the Sunset of all your Hopes; for I was told, but now that he threatens you, if ever you come near him, or the Lady either —

Gay. You may tell him he's a brutish old Rogue, and that I will have the Lady in spight of his Teeth.

Har. That may be Sir. but you'll want some of his Guineas in spight of the Devil, and all that belongs to him.

Gay. Can you tell me how to prevent it?

Har. Not I, Sir, unless you can gain Admittance to the old Fellow's Lungs, and so by that means introduce your self to his Estate.

Gay. By which Advice, (if taken) I have a fair Chance to live well, or die soon: That is to say, get either an Estate, or the Gallows.

Har. No, Sir, not if you get the Gold: No, no, if you have Money enough you may do any thing; Rob, Cheat, Bite all, Pay no Body, there's no Law for you: And many a Man spends a thousand Pounds to get an Authority to cheat all Mankind.

Enter

Enter Christiano.

Cbr. Where is this Limb o' th' Law? Why your Clients yonder waits for you; the Cause is coming on and no Council ready:

Gay. Dear Sir, I ask your Pardon, I'll attend the Court in a Minute; but pray how do you like me? Do I look Learned? Have I Law in my Face?

Cbr. I know not if you have it in your Face, but I hope you have it in your Head.

Gay. I have already contrived it, if you assist me we cannot fail: My Uncle must be Non-suited, and your Father shall pay Charges.

A I R XII.

Tatt for Tatt.

Now the Battle must begin,

Now we'll try to make an end on't:

Some must loose, and some must win,

None is sure none can depend on't.

It is a Game (which if we play,

And we rightly do suppose it)

None can win but those who pay,

And 'tis bad for those who lose it.

For Gold in Law is better than a good Witness,

And if your Purse be generous bestow'd,

Your Counsel's sure, and your Cause is good. [Exit.]

Enter Rickitt.

Rick. The Lord help me! My poor Legs are ready to drop off, I am so tired with Walking; and yet I am never the better: Those young

E

Girls

Girls are so fond of Attendance, that it would destroy the Constitution of an Ox to satisfy them.

Enter Christiano and Gaylove.

Gay. Isn't that my Uncle that stands pausing there?

Gbr. The very Man! Let's observe him, he's in a very ponderous, sturdy Mark!

Rick. I have endeavoured to let her know my Passion by all the Arts I can think on; I have sent her a fine wrought Apron cost me a Guinea; a pair of Garters embroidered with Silver, cost me half a Guinea; a fine stone Ring with a Heart in the middle; a *Pinchbeck's* Tooth-pick-case; a silver Bodkin; a fine *French* Necklace; a fine red Snuff-box, with a Cupid on the Lid, shooting at a Heart, which was as much as to say she had wounded me. All this is speaking very plain!

Gay. She must have a Heart of Adamant not to pity you indeed.

Rick. Then it cost me a Shilling to have a Song writ out, which I sent her, and was enough to have melted down a Church, the Words had so much Fire in them; yet I can perceive no Impression. She is as cruel as a Savage, as wild as a Doe, and as hard-hearted as a Butcher.

Chr. Ha, ha, ha.

Gay. Ha, ha, ha. Did ever Mortal hear such a Compound? Let us accost him. — What my old *Priam*! my *Collofius*! — Why you stand with your two Supporters extended a Mile in the Bases! — What mighty Exploit are you studying? Come confess: Why, Sir, I have heard *Dorinda* say that he's the only Man in Town that can command an Assignment with the Ladies! Would you believe it, Sir? I have heard the whole Assembly ring of him.

him! Look here! Only behold his Physnomy! Here's an Eye! What Lustre it has? Then his Air and Mein! See with what a Grace he treads the Ground? How upright? Never a Mathematician in Town can draw a truer Perpendicular; only his Hat is a little too heavy for him, and makes his Head yield somewhat to the ponderous Weight; but he has his Reasons for so large a Beaver; for you must know that it serves him for an Umbrello, or rather a Penthouse or Canopy: It is a sure shelter in all Weather; pray how do you like him? Or rather how do you think the Lady will like him for a Husband?

Chr. O passing well, I can't see how she can dislike him.

A I R. XIII.

Now ponder well.

O but behold and view him well!

See how his Eyes do shine?

His Breath so Sweet! — faugh — do but smell?

———— *Can Man seem more a Swine?*

Both. Ha, ha, ha, poor Mr Rickitt!

Rick. What do you mean Gentlemen to affront me?

Gay. No, no. Don't put yourself in a Passion Uncle; the Presents shall be all returned: We are only Joaking. Ha, ha, ha.

Rick. Sir, I don't want any of your Joaks! I shan't easily forgive it, and so you shall find, Mr Fairfax.

[Exit in a Fury.]

Gay. There goes a Man with the Merits of a Brute! What a miserable unhappy Wretch must he be? He has been these sixty Years in scraping together a little Dross, and would give it all to be

made a Monster! He's now set out for Sir Toby's, where, by the help of a Band, and a full Wig, and a little black Crap, we'll toss him up a Dish to his Taste. [Exit. Both.]

SCENE *changes to Sir Toby's House.*

Enter Sir Toby and Dorinda.

Sir Toby. The time is near his Appointment, and I do expect him every Moment. — Here is the Particulars of our Contract. He is to allow you a hundred a Year Pockett-money, and a Jointure of five Hundred; to be married to Night at my House, and I to give you the Wedding-Supper, and a Ball for the Ladies.

Dor. There's a generous Soul! A Wedding-Supper for five thousand Pounds, I wish he isn't Money out of Pocket by it! However, I will endeavour to cater for myself, and provide me a Dish you little think of. [Aside.]

Enter Mr Rickitt.

Sir Toby. O here he comes! Sir, a good Morning to you, we have been wishing for your Coming.

Rick. Sir Toby, your Servant: Madam, I honour you. Gads my Life, Madam, but I have been very busy this Morning, or I would have seen you sooner.

Sir Toby. A Fiddlestick's-end of your Compliments; salute her Man, and let Ceremonies cease.

Rick. By your Leave sweet Lady, I do presume to kiss your Lips.—

Dor. Augh, Beast! — His Breath stinks like a Tallow-chandler's melting Vault. [Aside]

Rick. Madam, you Honour me!

Dor.

Dor. Rather say you honour me, Sir ; a Man of your Years and Gravity ought to be valu'd ; for young Men in this Age are too much taken up with themselves, to have any Regard for another's Merit ; Dress and Affectation are their chief Delight, and think that all the World is as much in love with them, as they are with themselves. If they can get to a large Looking-Glass, where they may view their own Outsides, they seek no farther : You behold a fine Front. But 'tis like a new House before it's Furnished ; not a Tittle withinside worth a Person's Notice.

Rick. What an unbounded Wit she has ! Solid ! Solid ! all Solid and sound Sense, she can't be match'd in *Europe*.

Sir T. Can't she ? By the Lord Harry but she can. Not match'd quoth a.

Rick. Not with Sir Toby, I mean her Wit ? For I remember an old Saying,

*In giddy Youth 'tis very rare,
To find good Sense or Reason there.*

Enter Lord Varnish.

Lord V. Let my Teeth rot a Dozen at a Time, if I have not been a Rambling all round the Town to find this Conjuror.

Dor. Who do you mean, my Lord ?

Lord V. Why this young Gentleman your Lover.

Dor. Well, my Lord, I hear we are like to be all of one Family ; there's to be a Tryal of Skill between your Lordship and my Kinsman, concerning Miss Gaylove.

Lord V. Not I, Rat me ! I shall not so much as wrinkle my Brows with the Matter ; nor do I value

value the Gentleman of this Pinch of Snuff: You must know, Madam, that I am able to give the Lady a Thousand a Year, and make her a Countess; and if that's not sufficient, why, — she must take up with less that's all I know.

Enter Christiano.

Dor. I should be glad if you would send for the Lady, Mr *Rickitt*, because I want to speak with her.

Rick. With all my Heart, Madam. But I am afraid she won't come; she is a little affronted I think, because Sir *Toby* forbid her Brother's coming here.

Lord V. O! Tell her it is my Request, and I'll warrant her Appearance in less Time than the Wind can change.

Dor. And that's in less Time than a Man can change his Brutality.

Lord V. Or a Woman her Coquetry.

Rick, My Lord, I'll let her know 'tis your Lordship's Desire. [Exit.]

Chr. You seem my Lord, to have a great Interest with the Lady.

Lord V. Gad Pronounce me dull, Sir, if I saw you — well, upon my Honour and Soul, Sir, I'm glad to see you. — Curse my Snuff-box, but this is a pretty Coat. — Pray, Sir — who is your Taylor?

Chr. A very noted Man, my Lord. One Mr *No-trust*: A good Taylor, but he'll Work for no Quality.

Lord V. That's very odd, curse my Snuff-box. — pray, Sir, don't you think this Lady has made a good Choice?

Dor.

Dor. That (my Lord) is as I shall approve. I rather consult the internal Capacity, then the external Shape: What is a powdered Wig upon an empty Head, or a lac'd Coat upon an empty Title? A Lawn Shirt upon a Coxcomb's Back is like a Brilliant set in Wood; it serves rather to expose Folly than commend Prudence.

A I R XIV.

Farewell ye Hills and Valleys.

*Alas ! Why need we wonder,
To see the World so chang'd ;
When Honour's tore asunder,
And Schools so publick rang'd ?
A Foolish Man buys a Title,
To make his Figure great :
But makes himself a Trifle,
To spoil his Whole Estate.*

** or Rather
more like
a false
Stone set
in Gold*

Re-enter Rickitt.

Rick. My Lord, I have done the Business; my Neice will be here immediately.

Lord V. Aye, aye, she'll not be long a coming strike me stupid.

Rick. And here's a Man enquires for you, Madam: He calls himself *Maskplot*, and is a Professor of the Law. He comes here by your Appointment, and waits in the Hall for your Commands.

Sir T. Odso, I'm glad on't. 'Tis concerning your Marriage Articles? Come, will you wait on him? We must not delay. [To Dorinda.

Dor.

Dor. Whenever you please, Sir, I have already acquainted him with his Business, by a Letter last Night. — This is the Hour on which my Fate depends.

A I R X V.

Ye Nymphs and Sylvian Gods.

*Assist me now ye Fates,
One Hour my Joy compleats,
No Maiden so blest,
As when I'm possess'd
By the Youth whose Love's-charm creates.
O then in melting Joy,
We'll hug, kiss, and toy,
'Till we've spent the am'rous Night :
In Love's Sport I'll die,
And still comply,
I'll never fly,
'Till he and I,
Are lost in sweet Delight.*

[*Exit Dor.*]

Sir T. There's a Girl my Lord ; all alive by the Lord Harry. Come let us follow, let us follow.

Lord V. Sir, I shall attend you in an instant. I want a little Conference with your Son before we part. Perhaps I may have a little Work for your Lawyer too.

Sir T. Aye, very well my Lord. Come Mr Rickitt, will you go ?

[*Exit Sir Toby and Rickitt.*]

Manet

Manet Christiano and Lord Varnish.

Cbr. Well, my Lord, what's your Commands with me ? You said you had Business with me.

Lord V. Break my Snuff-box, so I have : Pray Sir——who was your Fencing Master ? And now I talk of Fencing Masters, strike me stupid. But my Dancing Master has the sweetest Air in a Minuet, —— that you'd take him for an Angel ; and dresses as well ; the Rascal could not rest 'till he had found out my Taylor : For you must know he has a pretty Taste that Way : The Fellow told me he had not work'd for him above Two Months, and he owed him Sixty Pounds already.

Cbrif. Come, come my Lord, this is not to the Purpose ; I have been informed that your Lordship has given yourself a great Deal of Liberty concerning me ; and that, my Lord, does not become you, and I Resent it.

Lord V. Pray thee who could tell thee so ? Curse my Snuff-box but I have a great Respect for thee.

Cbrif. I'd have you know, my Lord, that I'm a Gentleman, and shall seek such Satisfaction as becomes me. Nothing but my Father's House protects thee now, [Exit.

Lord V. In a Passion strike me stupid ! I thought the Fellow had been better bred. —— Let me see——This is only Jealousy, Curse my Snuff-box. ——The Lady is a fine Woman, and I like her well enough. ——But then she has but a small Fortune——well, no Matter, her Uncle is damn'd Rich. ——But he's a going to marry, ——well, but to no Purpose. ——Who then must have his Money ? Why his Niece. ——I can't

F

tell

tell that : Many a Man keeps a Shop while Journeymen do their Business : And if a Child should be knock'd up in the Term of Wedlock, — 'Twou'd knock me out of my Chance, — why then I'll Lock her out of my House, and take in a Mistress ; so I am shot of her, and keep to the Rules of Taste and Quality. [*Exit.*]

SCENE Changes.

Enter Harry alone.

I would not be in Love half so much as my Master for twice his Estate, not but methinks 'tis good Sport to see him sighing, singing, staring, laughing, angry, pleas'd, gay, and sad, and all in a Breath. 'Tis a very entertaining Distemper for a Spectator. I thought I had felt as much of it as any Body, but I don't remember that ever I was as my Master seems. And, in my Opinion, this same Love is something related to a certain Gentleman called the Ague ; the more it is entertained and encouraged, the deeper Root it takes : And nothing gives a Woman more Pleasure, then to know she can give a Lover Pain. 'Tis certainly a damn'd Misfortune to be a true Lover. Not but I can make a Woman believe I love her as well as my Master loves his Mistress ; and that without any Concern. There lies the Art and Beauty of loving : That is loving with Discretion, and enjoying the Pleasure without being plagu'd with the Pain. [*Exit.*]

SCENE

S C E N E *changes.*

Enter Sir Toby, Dorinda, Mr Rickitt, Miss Gaylove, Lord Varnish, Christiano, and Gaylove in his Gown and Band.

Rick. You remember the Bond, Mr *Maskplot*, that is between my Lord and me? He is to acknowledge Two Thousand Pounds conditionally.

Gay. I understand you, Sir, it shall be all ready in half an Hour.

Rick. And hark you—you may when you are filling it up, say Three Thousand? 'Tis but saying you misunderstood us, and I'll give you Ten Guineas for your Trouble.

Gay. Enough, I apprehend you.—Have you any farther Commands with me Gentlemen?

Sir T. Not any, Sir, but desire your Dispatch with those you have as quick as possible.

Gay. Sir, you shall see me again sooner than you expect. Ladies, your most Obedient.] Gentlemen, your Servant. [*Exit.*

Sir T. My Lord's Affair was soon concluded.

Dor. Aye, Sir, my Lord may thank me for that. If I had not whisper'd a good Word for him to the Lady and the Lawyer, the Work had been longer about.

Miss G. Madam, my Lord and me will both own ourselves oblig'd to you.

Lord V. That I do Madam, strike me stupid.

Rick. Well, Sir *Toby*, with your Leave, and this Lady's Consent, I'll make her a happy Woman this Night.

Dor. I hope to be made happy without your Assistance or else my Stars are Lyars. [*Aside.*

AIR XVI.

Happy Dick.

*And now my dearest Love,
 My pretty Darling Jewel, [Chucks him un-
 I hope you'll constant prove: der the Chin.
 And never use me cruel,
 My dearest Love.*

*For should you from me part,
 And fly to others Beauty; [Lolling upon his
 O Death must End my Smart, Shoulder, and
 (Or another do your Duty) pointing the
 If we should part. Horns over
 Rickitt's Head.*

Death must indeed prevail if you are unkind.

[*Cries.*

Rick. Do not weep, Madam! I say do not weep! I will not forsake you, I cannot be unkind, indeed I can't! (*Cries.*) While Life permits I must adore you; yes, more then the *Indians* adore the Globe of Light! Yes, much more, for you are my Sun, my Day, my Light, the Food of my Occular Sense! And, in short, the Preservation of every Vital Spring.

AIR XVII.

Tweed Side.

*O Raptures too great to express!
 How shall I such Goodness Reward?
 Can Woman's Love ever be less,
 Where Merit demands such Regard?*

N

*No Rural Delights of the Spring,
Nor Flowers that bloom through the Grove,
Where Linnets and Nightingales Sing,
Can compare with the Joys of such Love.*

Rick. Oh ! I am the happiest Man in the World ! I shall never hold it long : I am too happy to live a great while !

Sir T. Odsbuddikins ! We are all happy. And we will be happy, and we'll have nothing but Happiness come within our Walls.

A I R XVIII.

We'll be merry in our old Cloaths.

(The Music playing low with him, without any Symphony.)

*And we'll put round the Glass Boys,
Wub Ev'ry Man his Lass Boys,
We'll Kifs and make it pass,
'Till Night is turn'd to Noon ;
And when we've cloy'd Desire,
We'll Hand in Hand retire,
'And fill'd again with Fire,
We'll all outshine the Moon.*

By the Lord Harry will we, and all the Stars to boot. Come along my old Copernicus. Why, thou look'st as thoughtful as a cast Mistress, or a starv'd Poet. Come along I say, come along.
[Exit. all but Christiano.]

Chr. Now ev'ry Thing is exactly to our Wish. We shall be Revenged on our False Guardians and that foolish Fop. 'Twas a Noble Thought

Thought to chuse an honest Lawyer; and the next must be to seek an honest Parson. While *Gaylove* fills the Writings with Justice, I'll endeavour to find out Divinity. My Father too seems pleased that my Lord *Varnish* has cut my Comb. — But he knows not what's a Brewing. However, he will soon to his Vexation. I'll try to get them in the Garden, and there conclude upon the last Article.

*And if our Stars propitious prove and kind,
We'll bless the Fates which thus indulge our Mind.*
[Exit.

Enter Harry alone.

Harry. If this should take, and my Master marry the Lady — Why, I suppose he'll make me Steward; and that will be something of an Acknowledgment as well as an Advantage. Yet, according to the Rules of this Age, I have no Reason to expect it. For I have seen a Man with a Noble Soul (and fit to be placed at the Right-Hand of a Privy-Councillor) walking the Streets 'till the Soles of his Shoes have groaned, and his Pockets, like his Belly, has been gaping for Food. And I have seen a Lumber-scurr Lubber, whose Head (as *Ned Ward* says by a Cocoa Nut) would require a Man well arm'd with Pick-ax and Saw, to get at the Kernel, and when gain'd, not worth his Labour. At the same Time shall be crown'd with Preferment, loaded with Pride, and honour'd with Respect. His Hat shall be garnish'd with glittering Gold, his Head like a Pie, with the Art of Pastry, and a Compound of Powder, and scented Pomatum, shall

shall poison his Senses 'till the Brains in his Skull
are as merely Addle as rotten Eggs.

Enter Gaylove in his Gown, &c.

Gay. Here, take this Gown and lay it by.

Har. I hope, Sir, it has done its Duty. May I
make bold to wish your Honour Joy?

Gay. I have it in my Power to create either
Joy or Sorrow.

Har. So have all Men. If I was the Happiest
of Mankind, (and was so minded) I could soon
turn it into Sorrow, and make my self the most
wretched.

Gay. Why, thou art a perfect Philosopher.

Har. I know not that, Sir, but in my Opinion, the
Happiness of a Man consists in the Mind, and
a Temper guided by Reason and Prudence will
conquer the greatest Disappointment or Misfor-
tune. ——— But, Sir, must I look out for a large
House? Bespeak some Wine, Coals, Candles,
Bread, Bear, and such like? Shall I seek for a
Wet Nurse, and enquire for a Man Cook!

Gay. Hey! What the Devil d' ye think I'm
going to keep a Court twice a Week, and open
House all the Year?

Enter Christiano.

What's the Matter? I hope nothing has hap-
pened?

Cbr. Not strange, only the old Chaps are so
delighted, that Things are in so fair a Way, they
are half craz'd. Your Uncle is in such a hot
Fit, I'm afraid he'll melt his Mistress. I endea-
voured to engage them in the Garden, but he
would

would not suffer it. They vow they shall never stir from them 'till the Connubial Knot is ty'd.

Gay. What must be done? we must contrive some Way again to deceive them.

Chr. And speedily too, or the Joak will be carried too far.

Gay. O I am slack in those Conceptions; I have left the Writings, and they'll be ready in Ten Minutes.

Chr. That's right, I'll stay and resolve how to proceed, and go with you for them. But for my Part I am the Worst in the World for a Plot.

Har. Sir, it is all a Mystery to me! But my Master knows that I have a pretty pregnant Brain; and if he pleases to let me into the Secret I may contribute to his Assistance.

Chr. I know no Body more likely. Faith I'll tell him. ——— The Case is thus. Your Master is upon the very Brink of Loosing his Mistress. Every Thing is to his Wish but the last Article; which wants no Inclination but Opportunity, if he can but contrive to get her from the Company, while the Knot can be ty'd it is sufficient. But if not soon done 'twill be too late.

Har. If my Master will take my Advice, nothing shall be more easy; at the Expence of some few Guineas, I have acquired that Famous Art called slight of Hand. So if you've any Mind to see my Performance, this is my Scheme. My Master must equip himself with an Andrew's Jacket and a Drum: I'll pass for a Conjuror, to shew Tricks, tell Fortunes and the like; and in my Performance, I'll slip a Letter out of a Pack of Cards into the Lady's Hands, (which must inform her who the Drummer is, and that a Parson is at such a Place ready) while she retires with you, I'll endeavour to amuse the rest of the Company

Company: So compleat it to a Tittle. 'Tis good that you go there before us, to interceed for our Admittance, or perhaps we may meet with a Repulse.

Cbr. Well spoke, upon my Honour! What think you?

Gay. I'm pleased with the Scheme, and can see nothing in it but a double Entertainment. But where shall I provide myself with these Conveniences?

Har. O, Sir, 'tis but steping to the Play-House, a Harlequin's Jacket will do as well.

Cbr. It will so. Then nothing else remains but to proceed according to Law. I'll set forward and prepare for your Reception. [Exit.]

Gay. Do so; and pray see that every Thing is managed with Decorum.

A I R XIX.

Fanny Blooming Fair.

*Thus Strength may be disarm'd,
If prudent Conduct Reign,
When once the Soul's alarm'd,
With an approaching Pain;
Should Honesty invade,
How vainly is the Aim?
But Policy well play'd,
Will surely win the Game.*

Har. 'Tis proper, Sir, that you dictate your Letters before you go, and shape them to the Cards, to prevent any Discovery; and for their Convenience don't fear that; Prosperity shall crown our Enterprize. I have every Thing that's

G

proper

proper for my own Part, and will endeavour to gain Applause by my Performance.

Gay. I don't doubt your Capacity, and if the Plot succeeds, you shan't go unrewarded. When you are ready come down to the *Star and Garter* in *Pall Mall*. [Exit]

Har. Sir, I'll be there immediately. — Now I wonder what the Craftsmen will term me. — I suppose they'll call me the Quintessence of Art, or something more than ordinary. Then there must be a Pamphlet writ; that I suppose they'll call, *The Man's Sharper than his Master*; and roar it about with Ten Times the Noise they do the King's Speech. — Thus shall my Merit be blaz'd about 'till it reaches the Court; but I must imagine they'll not send for me immediately: Because the World is so censorious, 'twill conclude they could not do without me. But sent for I shall be, that's certain.

*Thus Great Men's Merit lies like Gold conceal'd,
'Till Time proves fit, the Secrets then reveal'd.*

[Exit]

SCENE Changes,

Enter Sir Toby, Rickitt, Lord Varnish, Christiano, Dorinda, and Miss Gaylove.

A Table, Chairs, &c.

Rick. Edod, Madam, but you must not look so dull: We must have a Song and be a little merry.

Dor. Mirth, Sir, is very agreeable when it suits the Condition; but when the Mind is loaded with Contemplation, it rather Offends than gives a Pleasure.

Lord

Lord V. 'Tis Customary for the Ladies to be dull on their Wedding Day, but To-morrow they'll be quite the Reverse.

Miss Gay. That's as Things happen to Night.

[*Aside.*

Sir T. When I was married, I remember the First Night my Lady was as Melancholly as a blind Pig. But every Night after, she had Nine Times the Spirits as I had.

Dor. If it was in our Power to chuse our own Moods, we should seldom want Spirits.

Sir T. Or in your own Power to chuse yourselves Husbands, you'd seldom trouble your Friends.

Miss Gay. True, Sir, not but we might prove more deficient in our Choice.

Dor. More particular you mean. (*Aside.*) I know not what ails me, but methinks I could fly from the World, and be content to spend my Life in an obscure, solitary, subterraneous Cavern, distant from all Society, Hey ho!

Rick. Why do you sigh, Madam? What makes you so heavy hearted, Odsbobs, I love to see you look pleas'd.

Dor. Yes, Sir, but People can't be always as they would.

Sir T. Very true, Madam, If they could, few Women would be govern'd by their Husbands.

Dor. Or Men cuckol'd by their Wives.

Lord V. There she had you, Curse my Snuff-box.

Chr. As Mr *Rickett* observes, we are all too dull and want Vivacity to entertain us; I am afraid the Gentlemen are no Friends to Musick. If my Father will give me Leave, (and the Company don't dislike it) I'll send for a few Hands to raise our Spirits.

Sir T. With all my Heart, but Mr Tack-em the Parson will be here streight, and then we shall be all busy. So 'tis better to stay till he is gone.

Chr. Mr Tack-em. Mr Nick-em you mean.

[Aside.

Rick. Come, Madam, let us play a little at Questions and Commands, or cross Questions, or something or other to divert us? I remember when I was a young Fellow, the Ladies were great Lovers of those Sports.

AIR XX.

Bush of Boon.

Dor. Forgive me Sir if I deny

To grant you your Desire?

I'm too embarrass'd to comply,

My Fears have damp't my Fire:

For, ah! My Heart such Doubts possess,

My Hopes are all suspended,

My Trust was on this Night's Carress,

But now, alas! 'tis ended.

Rick. Why should you think so, Madam? Do you think I don't love you? Do you think I shall forsake you? Do you doubt my Constancy? What can you fear, or what can disturb you.

A Drum beats without.

Sir T. What Noise is that! Somebody imagines that you were marry'd this Morning, and have sent the Drums.

Chr.

Chrif. I'll see what it is, Sir, perhaps it is some Show. *[Exit.]*

Sir T. Drive them away, send them to the Devil, I'll show them, with a Pox to 'em.

Enter Christiano.

Chr. Sir, it is a Famous Man that performs the Slight of Hand, he shews Tricks with Cards, tells People their Fortunes, and a Hundred other Things very entertaining.

Sir T. Send him to Hell for a biting Son of a Whore.

Chr. O Fie Sir, he'll ask for nothing, only what Gentlemen and Ladies bestow freely he accepts with Thanks.

Sir T. Why is not that sufficient? Would you have the Fellow take it from us, whether we will or no?

Chr. No, Sir, but as the Gentlemen and Ladies seem at a Loss for Entertainment, I could not tell but he might create some Diversion.

Sir T. Why, if the Ladies like such Diversion, with all my Heart.

Dor. Aye, do Sir, pray call him in?

Miss G. O, 'twill be merry enough! Pray let us see him?

Enter Gaylove and Harry, Gaylove beating on a Drum.

Sir T. Well, Friend, what is your Profession?

Har. Sir, I can do what I defy any Man living to do the like, I can by the Slight of Hand, deceive the quickest Eye. Transform a Pack of Cards into Birds, Beasts, Pictures. Throw them against the Cieling, and cause them to descend at the Word

Word of Command. Cut off a Man's Head
before his Face, and though he walk without
it for a Month, yet by the Art of a peculiar
Charms, I can Re-unite it to the Body again, in
a Moment's Time. I can burn down Houses,
Churches, and Castles, and build them up again
as quick as Light'ning. I can tell whether a
Lady be married or not, if she'll have the Per-
son desir'd, his Complexion, Stature, Age, and
every other Mark about him. By a Man's blow-
ing in this Bag, I can tell whether he is a
Cuckold or not. And by the Drawing of a Card,
can inform the Lady of their Whole Figure of
Destiny.

Lord V. Why, thou art one of the strangest
Fellows I ever heard of! Curse my Snuff-box.

Sir T. Come then, let us see what you can do?

Har. Sir, I must, with your Leave, make
bold with this Table.—Now, Gentlemen and
Ladies, I'll do my Endeavour to give you all
Satisfaction. Who's for drawing a Card? Come
Ladies? Madam please to draw a Card.

[To Dorinda,
Now, Madam, please to observe, you must
shew your Card to none, but walk to the other
Side of the Room, and count the Spots upon
your Card three Times, and remember the Con-
tents of the Whole, then return to your Place
again, and I'll shew you to proceed.—And
likewise you, Madam, are desired to follow the
same Instruction. (To Miss Gaylove.) Come, Ma-
dam, draw away.—Very good, keep the Card
to yourself, and do as I directed.

[They each draw a Letter, and advance to the Front
of the Stage to read it.
Har.]

Har. Come, Sir, if you please to draw a Card, I'll inform you of something you but little think on! [To Mr. Rickin,

Dor. To Mistress Dorinda, these. Hum! How's this, a Letter! O ho! I begin now to find the Scheme. [Reads.

Madam,

Don't wonder when these inform you, that our Case is dangerous, and our Time but short. If you examine, you will find that the Drummer is a Person that waits your Pleasure; and is ready to deliver you from the Fate to which you are doom'd. The Conjuror is my Servant, and will take Care to prevent any Interruptions. Take no Notice, but slip out as he shall instruct you: And at the Door you will find your Deliverer, who will Conduct you to a Parson, and there make Happy,

Your Constant,

But Impatient Lover,

William Gaylove.

Say you so, my Dear, well, that's enough.

[Returns to her Chair.

Har. Sir, you have drawn a very good Card, but it denotes a very great Disappointment. You have Enemies near you, that will deceive you. You have placed your Affections on a Lady, that will abdicate your Arms, and leave you in the Lurch.

Gay. O, the Dog! he's a discovering the Plot as fast as he can.

Har.

Har. Sir, the'll bilk you; and you'll be in a Quarrel, which will cost you dear before you get clear on't.

Rick. Ha, ha, ha, as if the Cards have any Commerce with the Planets, ha, ha, ha, well, well.

Har. Sir, I'll convince you presently; now, Sir, it is your Turn (*To Lord Varnish*) keep your Card to yourself, Sir, and I'll inform you its Signification in a Minute.

Miss Gay. Ha! a Letter! To Miss Gaylove these — hum. This is strange indeed, [*Reads.*

Madam,

I suppose you are not ignorant, that the Drummer is your Brother, and this Artful Practitioner his Servant. — (How! the Drummer my Brother! O ho! now I find the Scheme,) — And that we only wait for your Retirement, which must be when Harry gives you your Cue. We have a Parson ready, and nothing wanting but your Retreat to make us all Happy. I beg you will not take Notice, but observe the Directions of our Chief Director.

I am, Dear Madam,

Your Constant Lover,

Christiano Lovewealth!

O ho! Then this is the Way we end the Farce. Now I understand you. [*Returns to her Chair.*

Har. Come, Sir, now for your Card, hum. You have drawn a very Learned Card, which Prognosticates the Loss of both your Eyes.

[*To Lord Varnish.*
Lord V. Gad's curse! what blind?

Har.

Har. For some Time, Sir, but you'll soon recover your Sight again, and then you'll see clearer than you did before : Sir, you have drawn a very good Card, it foretels all your Misfortunes are near the last ; and that you'll be very happy, if you can but think yourself so. — But come, Gentlemen, now I'll endeavour to entertain you with a new Fancy. — Here is two Magick Bags, that for their wonderful Mystery, exceed all Things upon Earth. Whoever shall blow in this Bag, shall, at the first Blast, be changed in the Face as white as Snow, tho' his Skin before was the Colour of Wainscot.

L. V. That's very strange, curse my Snuff-box.

Har. And this is as curious ; for whoever shall blow in this Bag, at the first Blast, shall be so loaded with Gold and Silver, that they cannot carry it out of the Room without my Assistance.

Sir Toby. I'll try at that Bag, and if it be as you say, why, I'll make you a handsome present.

Har. Sir, I must beg there may be but just four Persons in the Room ; for if there's more, the Enchantment breaks. Where's my Drummer ?

Gay. Here, Sir.

[*Exit.*

Har. Do you go out of the Room, and stay 'till I call you.

Sir Toby. Aye, aye, and my Son may go and take the Ladies into the next Room 'till we have done, and then we'll go out, and they shall blow.

Har. Very true, Sir. Ladies, Sir, shall I beg you'll retire for a Moment ?

H

Dr.

Dor. Aye, aye. Come, they'll allow us the same Chance after.

[*Exit Christiano, Dorinda and Miss Gay.*]

Har. I hope, Sir, there's nobody concealed in the Room; for if there should, the Vertue will no longer exist.

Sir Toby. No, no. Which is the Bag that produces the Money? I'll try at that.

Lord Var. Strike me stupid, but they are fine Curiosities, if it be true.

Har. Sir, you'll find the Effect of what I promise immediately: I have another, that tho' a Man was so weak, that he could not remove his Heel from the Ground, yet with following my Directions, he would be able in a Fortnights Time to carry a Church Bell of ten Tun Weight. I have likewise a famous Preparation for the Joints, that will enable the most incapable to do Miracles. I have, by Vertue of this Oyntment, made a Man of ninety, eight Years of Age, so lightsome, that he has run sixty Miles a Day, — I mean seventy Years before. [*Aside.*] I have likewise a Lance, that with one Blow, will clarify a Dragon to the best Hartshorn Jelly. That was a Thing studied by *Apollo*, and given to *Bellerophon*, who tryed its Vertue upon the *Chimæra*, and dissolv'd it in a Moment. I have likewise the dying Speech and Confession of the *Grand Vizier* that had his Head taken off the last Campaign; who complains, that there are a great many Ministers in *Europe* that deserve his Fate. Above all, I have a small Remnant of that poisonous Disillment, by which the *Denmark* King lost his Life: And I have a Prophet's Tale, which tells us, That he was not the last Monarch that lost his Game by foul Play. Then I have an Epitaph

Epitaph for the Dragon of *Wantley*, made in Latin by the Patriarch of *Portugal*, and translated into *English* by the Author of this Farce. I have likewise the Life and Death of that Monster in a large folio Volume, very pleasant and entertaining.

Rich. These are all great Curiosities! But why did not you bring 'em with you?

Har. O, Sir, I have a thousand more; too many to think on. I have a Leaf of Tobacco that will spread eleven Miles in Length, and was the Shelter of *Constantinople* for near five Months; it preserved it from the Plague, and sweet'ned the Air, that it smelt like *Scotch* Snuff; and that is the only Reason, why *Scotch* Snuff is so much admired. I have one more very pretty Curiosity; it is a Machine studied by a *Frenchman*, and so attractive, that, wherever it is carried, all Manner of Trade immediately goes with it; and has been of great Detriment to our Nation: It was pawned for a Trifle, and so I purchas'd it.

Lord Var. Pray what may be the Name on't?

Har. It is called the *French-Padlock*, or a Bilk to the *English* Genius. Sir, it consists of many Branches, and is very curious, tho' but little regarded by our Nation.

Sir Toby. Well, well, no matter for that; where are the Bags? Come, let us try them.

Har. O, I'll shew you as pretty a Fancy, as ever you saw, in a Moment. Come, Gentlemen, stand all a Breast, and follow my Directions to you; lay hold on this Bag (*To Sir Toby,*) and you on this (*To Lord Varnish,*) and when I give the Word, Blow, then blow as hard as you can, Come, Sir, do you stand in the Middle, and observe, (*To Mr Rickitt.*)

[He places 'em all Three in the Front of the Stage, and Mr Rickitt in the Middle: When he gives the Word (Blow) he claps a Padlock, with a Chain to it, on Sir Toby's Cheek; and Lord Varnish blows in a Bag of fine Hair-Powder, which makes his Face as white as Chalk; at the same Time he sets Mr Rickitt's Wig on Fire with Phosphorus, which he has concealed for that Purpose.]

Har. Come, Gentlemen, speak when you are ready.

Both. Now, now.

Har. Blow. (He fires Lord Rickitt's Wig, and claps the Padlock on Sir Toby's Face, but holds the Chain in his Hand.)

Rick. Murder, Fire, Fire; Murder, oh! I am burnt to Death,

Lord Var. O the Devil! I am blind; the Rascal has blown my Eyes out.

Sir Toby. Haw, haw, haw! Urdur, Urdur.

Har. Come, Gentlemen, don't be frightened; 'tis only a Joak: The Farce will be ended by and by. Why, you are impatient; come, all will be well in Time; 'tis for your own Goods.

Lord Var. Gads Curse him! Does he blind us for our own Goods?

Rick. Murder, Murder! What will nobody help us? O, I am burnt to Death.

Sir Toby. Haw, haw, haw.

Har. Why, what Beasts I have to deal with? I'll make a Show of 'em, I think. —

O, who'll see my Maramott Dance,? O, here is de fine Salamandre all alive: Here is de fine Jack a de Nape

Nape, vid de vite Face : O, here is de fine Sang-
liar, vid de Cham in de Visage.

Enter a Servant.

Look you Friend, if you approach this Place,
you must expect a Metamorphosis: You see
what Art I have; I can make a Beast even of a
Brute. — Now I'll shew you a Dose, which I
have prepared for the first Person that enters this
Room without my Consent; (*Shews him a Pistol.*)
look you here.

Rick. O, the bloody-minded Dog!

Ser. I never saw such a Sight in my Life! Nor
dare I offer my Assistance; however, I will get
those that will. [*Exit.*]

Har. Gentlemen and Ladies, here is a dumb
Beast, who, at the Word of Command, leaps
over a Chair or Stick, as tho' he'd been bred
to't. — Come, shew the People what you
can do; come over, I say, (*He lays a Chair down,*
and Sir Toby leaps over it.) Come over again:
Very well.

*Enter Gaylove, Christiano, Dorinda, and Miss
Gaylove.*

Gay. So, Sir, you have taken Care to keep
the Coast clear, I see: Come, set your Pris'ner
at Liberty. — That, Sir, was for forbidding
me your House.

Sir Toby. And how dare you approach it
without my Leave?

Miss Gay. For two Reasons; first, because this
Lady invited me; and secondly, to set you at
Liberty. [*Christiano and Miss Gaylove kneel.*]

Chri. Your Blessing, Sir.

Sir Toby.

Sir Toby. Blessing, Sir! You are a Rascal. Sir, and I'll send you to th' Devil.

Gay. Come, calm your Passion, Sir: If you don't think proper to forgive all, and be Friends, I'll take Care of Food for the Quarrel to feed on: The Bond and Articles signed by your own Hands, are sufficient to make us all happy: And, if you examine my Face, you may remember the Lawyer's Features.

Sir Toby. And is all this your Contrivance, Mr Son of a Whore! [To Christiano.]

Har. No truly, Sir, Some of it was mine.

Sir Toby. Why then, you Dog, I'll seize you, and send you to the Devil.

[Goes to lay Hold on Harry.]

Har. O, dear Sir, but we are two of us.

[Shows him a Pistol.]

Sir Toby. Why, there's a Rogue goes to shoot me in my own House! ——— And you, Mr Scoundrel, you are glad you've bit your Father, hah! You'll be hang'd, you Dog, you will. — Come along, Brother *Rickitt*, and let 'em keep their Bargain, and be damn'd together.

Rick. Nay, But let me give 'em my Blessing first. ———

May Shame and Sicknefs, Poverty and Pride;
A stinging Conscience o'er your Peace preside!
May all your Lives be Nothing else but Woe,
And your Souls be harrass'd after Death below!

Sir Toby. Amen, Amen, Amen.

[Exit Sir Toby and Rickitt.]

Lord V. Amen! Curse my Snuff-Box. [Exit.]

Chri. Hah! What, has your Lordship, Parot-like, learnt a Note so soon?

Gay.

Gay. Now, *Harry*, you may look out for those Conveniencies you mentioned to Day; and for yourself, be well assured, I'll make you good Amends: The Finishing, I'll still acknowledge, was your *Genius*.

Har. Aye, Sir, you never would believe that I had Wit, 'till you had Oecasion for it.

Cbri. I hope the Moral of this Adventure will take a just Effect:

And where a Bribe is offer'd to destroy
The honest Part, and lead the Mind away,
May some just Bar prevent its being done;
And end the Mischief, 'eer 'tis too far gone.

A I R, XXI.

Come hither pretty Dear.

Gay. *And now the Farce is o'er,
And my Love has gain'd it's Point;
My Soul is all on Fire,
And eager to enjoy!*

Dor. *Those doating Lovers now,
Find their Plots are out o' Joint;
And their Flash of short Desire,
Does Health and Time destroy:*

Gay. *For how can blooming May,
All gay, and full of Charms,
Consent to die, and fade away,
With Freezing in their Arms?*

With a fal la, la, &c,

CHORUS

CHORUS.

All. For how can blooming *May*,
All gay and full of Charms,
Consent to die and fade away,
With Freezing in their Arms?

With a fal la, la, &c!

F I N I S,



5 JUL 62

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A
COLLECTION
OF
Songs, Satires, &c.

—To ALEXANDER POPE, Esq;

An Epistle.

TO thee, Great ~~Man~~ the Muse's shining King,
In humble Verse the Poet aims to sing:
In thee the wond'ring World views shining Rays,
Of ever living Fame, and never dying Praise.
In thee great *Homer* lives again, to shew
A Bard more great than *Rome* or *Greece* e'er knew:
His lofty Lines, which Nations all admire,
By thee are kindled like a blazing Fire;
In shining *English* there he shines a-new,
But all his Beams are owing still to you.
Mighty the Strokes which by thy Master Pen
Instructs the World, and lights the Minds of Men:

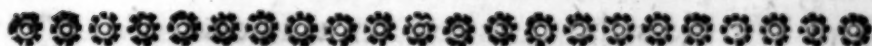
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From

From thee the Muses learn their Eloquence,
 The Youth Examples, and the Sages Sense.
 The sighing Lover thou hast thought to tell,
 In *Ovid's* Notes, the gentle Passion well ;
 And where strong Satire is desir'd to hit,
 Thy piercing Lines will help the want of Wit.
 Our Language too, by thee is daily taught,
 New Words deriving from a brilliant Thought.
 By thee our Words and Actions are refin'd,
 Thy streaming Light illuminates the Mind.
 O may'st thou live to edify the Age !
 O on thee depends the Judgment of the Stage :
 While you suspend the Poet's dubious Fate,
 The Critics wait, but dare not vent their Hate.
 They stand prepar'd like Soldiers in the Field,
 But dare not strike while you're the Poet's Shield.
 Securely safe he guarded stands by thee,
 For on thy Voice depends his Destiny.
 Happy is then the Bard whom you defend,
 His Fate is sure, while you will stand his Friend.
 Ah ! think, dread Sir, what I must undergo, —
 If you refuse, I know not what to do !
 My tender Lays must die a dismal Death,
 Nay, damn'd besides, unless you give 'em Breath :
 On you they live, on you they must rely,
 By you they're sav'd, by you alone they die.
 Vouchsafe, dear Sir, to cast a living Smile,
 On those ruff Thoughts, dress'd up in homely Stile :
 Let me, whose Education is but small,
 Be their Excuse to save their dreaded Fall.
 Let learned Poets boast their mighty Skill,
 The chief of mine's derived from your Quill.
 Then since with Nature, you your self have join'd
 To make a Poet of the lowest kind,
 Defend him now against the Critic Band,
 (Conceit the Lines are thine at second Hand ;)

For

For by the Strength of thy immortal Lines,
My Pen first learnt to paint poetic Strains:
O take 'em then, and as a Master ought,
Amend those Rules which first by thee were taught,
Correct the Faults and Errors which you find,
But ah! remember, and correct 'em kind.



On the Honourable Miss BERTIE's Birth-Day.

O Happy Morn! The Gods shall sing thy Praise,
And mark thee out apart from other Days:
With godlike Sounds the Heav'ns shall rejoice,
And keep it sacred, holy, pure and choice.
No common Revels shall pollute their Sport,
Our Songs and Music shall the Day support.
Each heav'nly Member shall Subscriber be,
And fill the Chorus with their Extacy.

Let *Jove* and *Juno* summon all their Tribe,
And croud the Heavens with their pompous Pride,
Let *Apollo* tune his Lyre to such Charms,
That *Daphne* may revive and fill his Arms:
Vulcan lay his noisy Anvil by,
And fly to *Jove*, there revel in the Sky.
While we on Earth our part of Joy express,
And mutual Transports all our Zeal confess:
And as the Year shall duly volve about,
Let Gods and Men still find new Pleasures out.

Phæbus shall gaily deck the Summer Morn,
And fragrant Flowers all the Meads adorn:
Let *Phæbe* show her full (tho' palish) Face,
And front the Globe with all her nightly Grace:

Let fairy Elves in Circles dance and play,
To celebrate with Mirth the Night away;
While, *Ignis Fatuus* visits Meads and Vales,
In merry Dances skip o'er Hills and Dales.
The Glow-worm too shall 'luminate his Tail,
To deck the Banks, and light the weary'd Snail.
Let Birds, and Insects then of each degree,
Forget their Rest, and elevated be:

The Warblers they exalted on a Thorn,
Their Notes shall dedicate to this blest Morn,
Whereon the Beauty of their Sex was born. }

Long may she live, and may she ever thrive,
Excell in Charms, and all her Foes survive:
May all the Graces constantly attend,
And Chance of Fortune always be her Friend.
May all the Nobles of the Realm still strive,
Who shall the greatest in her Favour thrive,
And be her Lot the worthiest Man to have;
Let him be Noble, Gen'rous, Wise, or Brave;
Love her dear Person, fond of her bright Wit,
Just to his Flame, and beautiful with it:
So may she live in Joy, in Love and Peace,
And die the Brightest of her shining Race!
Let all the Beauties that adorn the Fair,
Be but united, and imprinted there;
Then, *Jove* himself shall seal it on her Brow,
To certify the Gods themselves allow,
That she the Empress is and Queen of Love,
Signed and Seal'd by the Immortal *Jove*!
So may all Eyes that dare to look, or aim
To catch a Glance from this too beauteous Dame,
Feel such Effects as bold Presumption treats
Those too rash Fools, who headlong seek their Fates.
Then *Venus*, she, shall with an envious Eye,
Look down on Earth, and murmur in the Sky, }

Or

Or why was she so beautif'd, and I
Design'd by Heaven to adorn the Sky,
And made immortal as a lasting Fame,
To sit and gaze on that too charming Dame?

Then *Juno*, she, in eccho shall repeat,
Ah! beauteous Nymph, how happy is thy Fate!
Could I descend, and Grace like thee the Plain,
I ne'er wou'd wish to live with *Jove* again!
Thus, Heav'n and Earth wou'd view, and wish to be
As fair, as blest, and beautiful as she.



A new Love Song.

O ——— y is a fine Town,
Where Riches flows a pace,
And Asses wear the Scarlet Gown,
Bred from a cursed Race:
The Justice he commits a Slave,
And what d'ye think's his Crime?
Because, like him, he proves a Knave.
—That brings the Verse in rhyme!

O ——— y is a fine Town,
And thus I sing it's praise,
From Justice to the Peasant-clown,
They've all their r—g—sh ways.

II.

The Clothier, he, to act his Part,
Like any honest Man,
Will cheat the Poor with all his Heart,
The King of all he can;

For

For since his Cloth in *Blackwell-ball*,
So long is kept unfold,
He's found a Way to nick 'em all
And turn his Fleece to Gold.
O stapling is a fine Thing,
The Merchants to deceive,
And though the Clothier thinks it fair,
He is indeed a Knave!

III.

The M-emb-rs too, as worthy are,
Like what they represent,
To make good Trading's all their Care,
—— But dumb in Parliament;
For why should we expect a Speech,
Our Trading to augment,
When there are Pensions from our L-ge
Will give as much content.
O Interest is a fine Thing
For to seduce the Mind,
And though the Nation all should starve,
The Parliament is kind!

IV.

But now to cut the Story short,
And gives 'em all their due;
Methinks they'd all become a ——
Fit for so d——n'd a Crew:
For if the Rulers of a Town,
Should such Examples show,
I'd have their knavish Heads pull'd down,
Or —— h—ng'd all on a Row.
O that would be a fine Sight
For to Delight the Eyes
And set us all in Hopes to see,
Fair honest Trading rise.



An Epitaph for a Parson.

HERE lies a Man, who, (as the Parish thought)
 A good Example never took, nor taught.
 Yet oft he read the Laws of God to Men,
 For which the Parish gave him one in ten :
 A Tenth he always claim'd a legal Debt.
 But for Commandments, one he never kept ;
 He thought the Number was by much too small,
 So freely bid the Parish keep 'em all.
 And now to Heaven through the Grave he's sunk,
 To tell the Saints how oft his Clerk got drunk.



The Lady and the Monkey.

A Fable.

ALADY of no mean Abode,
 Nor yet less shining in the Mode,
 Who took Delight to please her Taste,
 (Tho' to the wise seem'd not the best)
 Was fond of every sprightly Thing,
 With Birds and Else the House would ring.

A Favourite always Ladies have,
 The Spleen and other Fits to wave :

Some

Some Birds delight, and others Apes,
 As Fancy rules, or Judgment keeps.
 And so perhaps, because this Creature,
 In look, or air of sprightly Feature,
 Had some Resemblance of her Spark,
 Creates Affections for the Mark.

A Monkey was the Thing prefer'd
 In chief from all the darling Herd :
 His active Limbs, and tumbling Art,
 Procures him Interest in her Heart ;
 She feeds him both with Tea and Cake,
 And love's him for the Giver's Sake ;
 Indulges him in all she can,
 He breaks her Cups, and rips her Fan.
 The Servants must attend the Beast,
 And not affront him in the least ;
 Though he does bite, or rent their Cloaths,
 It pleas'd the Brute, you may suppose.
 Then all was right, and she the while,
 Confess'd a Pleasure by her Smile.
 His Worship must not be misus'd,
 Though all the House should be abus'd.
 In Pans he'd look for Milk, or Flower,
 And taste it all both sweet, or sour,
 And not an Action done, but he
 Would copy by his Mimmikry.
 At last the Lady runs up Stairs,
 And to her Dressing-Room repairs,
 When Pugg, to guide her to the Place,
 Hops on before with limping Pace.

The Lady all her Fingers strips,
 And lays her Rings, where Pugg soon skips ;
 He shoves 'em on his hairy Paws,
 And chatters Praise with grinning Jaws ;
 Admires the shining Brilliants bright,
 With fondness grunts, and skans their Light.

The

The Lady turns to see the Sport,
Perceives her Rings! begins to court
And wheedle him to give 'em back;
But all in vain, he likes the Knack!

But she more angry grows at last,
And calls up all her Men in haste;
Here! take a Rope, and hang the Brute!
What! use me thus? away and do't!
When Women use a Creature kind
This is their sure Reward I find!
And where she most bestows her Favour
They are the first that will deceive her!
Away! dispatch! and drag him hence!
The Creature sues, and pleads Defence.

Said he, you rear'd me from a Youth,
And ne'er before complain'd in Truth.
If you had taught me this before,
I ne'er had run such Courses o'er:
But right or wrong you gave me Praise,
Though ne'er so vile or rude my Ways;
Then, had you gave me due Correction,
I now might please you to Perfection.

Moral.

*Thus Youth neglected in their Prime,
Unruly grows in length of Time;
And shews a Guardian's want of Skill
Wisely to perform his Will.*

On his Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales's
Birth-Day.

An Ode.

O All ye Lands rejoice ! Ye Brittons sing !
With joyful sounds proclaim your loyal
[Mirth,
This happy Day shall raise a glorious King !
Then let's with Triumph keep the Royal Birth !
Since *Frederick's* Fame has reach'd to distant Climes,
And Worlds remote have heard his anxious Care,
For *Albion's* Good, as well for future Times
As now, the present Duty must declare.

Chorus. May Heav'n reward, and be his Guard,
For ever, Day and Night !
May ev'ry Bliss on Earth, be his !
In Heav'n a Crown of Light !
With Cherubims to Guard his Fate,
Still bow'ring round his glorious Throne !
To add on Earth, or on his heav'nly Seat,
New Lustre to his own !

II.

What lofty Numbers ! what harmonious Sounds !
What Poet's Fancy can ascend so high,
To sing the Praise of him whose Fame redounds,
And eccho's *Frederick* to the lofty Sky ?
Be hush'd ye Clamours, and all vulgar Noise !
Be still ye Seas and let your Tritons hear ;
Sweet *Zephirs* whisper with a heavenly Voice,
The Royal Youth is both their Choice and Care !
Cho.

Cho. *May Heav'n incline, and round him shine;
 For ever Day and night;
 The happy'st Fate for ever wait,
 To guide his Steps aright!
 And may his glorious Princess live,
 To sooth with Love his Care;
 Who can alone such Blessings give,
 And he deserve to share.*

III.

Thrice happy Nation whose perspective Eyes,
 Can view a future Blessing shining forth,
 A glorious Prince whose bright Instinction lies
 In Emulations of the noblest Worth!
 Great without Pride, Humility with Love,
 Charitably he hears th' poor and needy's Cries,
 (These are the Blessings that's admir'd Above!)
 With Christian Pity he their Want supplies!

Cho. *May purest Fame proclaim his Name,
 And Safety guide his Way;
 May Conquests shine around his Shrine,
 With Honour's brightest Ray!
 And may his Council still be firm,
 Wise, loyal, fix'd, and true,
 And when his Life has spent its Term,
 Eternal Bliss ensue!*

IV.

How will all Britton's Hearts rebound with Joy,
 To see his Royal Hand the Sceptre sway;
 When every Wave will thousand Grievs destroy,
 And make ten thousands happy ev'ry Day!

O glorious Prince ! who Virtues can subdue,
 And gain such Conquest o'er the wond'ring
 [Lands,
 Far more than Force of Arm, or Strength can do,
 His Smile invites us, and his Wish commands !

Cho. *While he displays such radiant Rays,
 And Virtue thus can guild,
 His greatest Foe in Spight must know,
 That Duty bids him yield :
 Such Meekness in his temporal Soul,
 What Man can ever fly ;
 His Looks can more than Arms, controul ;
 Commanded by his Eye.*

V.

The Gods, Great Prince ! have own'd their Care
 [for you,
 And future Blessings rais'd a mighty Store,
 To give a Princess whose fair Virtues grew
 To such extent, the World can't boast of more !
 To crown your Bliss and all the Nation's Joy,
 Her fruitful Issue shall new Blessings raise,
 When Time shall all your mortal Part destroy,
 Your Seed shall shine with your immortal Rays.

Cho. *A Permanence of Zeal and Sense,
 Attend your Council-Board,
 With Pow'r to act as you contract,
 To sheath and draw the Sword.
 May Laurels deck your Royal Head,
 In Peace or War, may you succeed ;
 With Candour may the Fates accede,
 And glorify each Deed.*

On

On the Reverend Mr Whitefield : Prebend of
Moor-Fields, Dean of Kennington-Com-
mon, and Bishop of Georgia.

An Encomium.

HA I L reverend F—l! thou Darling of the
Mob.

Go rant thy Logick, and by begging r-b ;
Roar out thy Nonsense with extended Paws,
And as thy Hearers gape — with Comfort drench
their Jaws.

With hum-drum Jargon end thy basely Tone,
And bless each *Toby*, and inspir'd *Joan*,
Unread, unlearn'd, unknowing what thou say'st,
In Ignorance thou liv'st, and ignorantly pray'st.

Let all who for thee beg, or steal for Hire,
By shuling, or by diving, they acquire,
May they receive such Bounty from thy Hand,
To spread again the Money in this Land :
Or should'st thou take 'em to some foreign Isle,
(For sure, I think, it must be worth thy While,
Those dear Collectors of thy Converts Pence,
Will surely filsh their Coin, as thou their Sense,
Divinely thou, shalt tell a mournful Tale,
And make it Sin to taste of Wine or Ale.

The Scriptures too, shalt in such Sort explain,
That all who eat, are of the Seed of *Cain* ;

That

That *Lucifer* our Mother *Eve* beguil'd,
 And that the Devil got the Dame with Child;
 That *Cain* was wicked as the W—re his Mother,
 And that in Spleen he slew his half-got Brother,
 That *Adam* he the first of Cuckolds was,
 And that his Wife brought all those Things to pass,
 Then thou shalt prophecy of Things to come,
 And fix how soon will be the Day of Doom;
 That *Christ* shall come in all his Pomp that Day,
 And thou shalt bear the Train of his Array,
 That *Peter*, for denying thrice his Lord,
 And thou, for be'ng a Saint o'thy own accord,
 The Keys of Blis shall in thy Hands be given,
 And *Peter* loose his Porter's Place in Heaven.

That *Judas*, he, a Miser was for Pelf,
 But what thou filchest is not for thyself,
 And true it is, because thy shuling Crew
 Must all be fed, alas! as well as you.

* Say Books and Coaches runs you to Expence,
 And what avails those few collected Pence?
 Can I exist with weakly Food, and Care?
 Can languid Spirits have a Gust to Prayer?
 Must I disturb my own and Neighbour's Rest,
 And be allow'd to—bung my Eye with best!
 Must I in Study, turn such Volumes o'er,
 As may be found in—Mother *Bunch's* Store?
 Must I translate, (as may be said in one Sense)
 Those learned Author's Fustian, into Nonsense?
 Or shall I tell, how *Jack* the Giant-Killer,
 Some Ages since, a *Cannibal's* Blood-spiller!
 How he with Monsters, brave and wisely fought?
 And how *Tom Thumb* was to a Princess brought?
 With

* The following Lines are wrote as low as possible,
 being a Speech from the Doctor as a Plea.

With Tales like these you win the Hearts of
Fools,

And make 'em flock to leave their Pence by Shoals.
O *Whitefield* ! *Whitefield* ! all our Cries to you !
Heap all your Blessings on a wretched Crew,
Who in a damned State wou'd rather be,
Than seek a Bliss by any Rule but thee !

The darling Prelate of the Mob-like Class,
Idol of Fools ! Religion's senseless Ass,
Born to confuse, but never to confute,
Learn'd in a Mob, but foolish in Dispute !
Rail at the Church, at learned Clergy rave,
Proclaim thyself a ——— dull insipid Slave !
Humility thou hast ! the Reasons who can name ?
—— 'Cause none but Fools will bear thy stinking
Fame.

Fond of the Praise of ev'ry Dunghill-Breed,
And those who from the basest Sort proceed.
The Spirit's Motions, thou with Patience waits,
And, on thy Looks, depends thy Follower's Fates ;
Thou squint'st around, and then by Inspiration,
Thou blestest all thy *Tyburn* Congregation !

But, O, my Saint ! Go learn thy Mother Tongue,
Not rant thy Nonsense to a thoughtless Throng,
Nor write Sea-Journals to a foreign Isle,
But learn, O F—l, to mend thy stupid Stile !
Tell not how Sailors all their Sins forsook,
But stear'd their Thoughts alone by *Whitefield's*
Look.

Refrain'd from Swearing, by your Council given,
And that they thought you just arriv'd from Heav'n !

No, tell no more of that deceitful Tale,
'Cause we know their Obduracy too well.
Should Heaven again send down its only Son,
To give Rewards for Good and Evil done ;

And

And though he gave for ev'ry Sin, a Check,
They still wou'd swear* tho' he were on the Deck!

If this cou'd be, and they sin on a new,
D'ye think they'd mind such lying Fools as you?

Thou gaping Fool! of publick Rout, and Schism,
Must be a Saint of holy Methodism!

No more the World shall seek for Heaven's
Way,

But learn of thee both how to drink and pray :
The *Newgate* Herd shall tell what they, with
Care

Have filch'd from those who came to join their
Pray'r.

And that they'll raise a yearly Sum for thee,
And make thee Bishop of the *Newgate* See!

Of Coin and Goods thou shalt partake a Share,
And reap the Harvest of their Toil and Care.

At private Meetings, how the industrious Crew,
Will heap their Praise and vast Applause on you?

How well you spoke, and that at such a Time,
They twitch'd a silken Handkerchief, so fine!

That such a Lady, gazing on thy Face,

Had lost her Watch, besides her Tweezer-case!

And that another, ravish'd with your Sound,

Had lost her Purse — which he by Chance, 'had
found.

Nay, all shall join, and bring their thrifty Spoil,
And thou shalt claim a Tythe of all their Toil.

And when of Life thou'rt past the latest Date,

And thou art laid in Residence of Fate,

Then, o'er thy Corps, a monumental Stone,
Shall be erected, with these Lines thereon.

* He reported in his Journal to *Georgia*, that he converted all the Ship's Crew, and when he left the Ship not a Man would swear.



Mr WHITEFIELD's Epitaph.

H E R E lies a Knave in this cold Grave,
Of Reverend Occupation;
Who spar'd no Pains, to turn the Brains
Of all this Brainless Nation:

And, as I have said, he preach'd and pray'd
To none of Sense nor Learning;
Who brought their Pence instead of Sense
T' this Prelate undeserving.

With Noise and Rant, and stupid Cant,
He pleas'd the wond'ring Rabble;
Who run by Shoals to save their Souls,
And hear his senseless Gabble.

And now he lies within this peaceful Tomb,
Which shou'd have catch'd him at his Mother's
Womb.

M

The

The Lover's Petition to CUPID.

(The Lass of Patty's Mill.)

O CUPID, where's thy Dart,
Or why thy Trade dost fly?
Is mine the only Heart,
At which thy Shaft must try?
O cruel faithless Boy,
One friendly Arrow take;
Thou King of amorous Joy,
And strike for *Venus's* Sake!

The Nymph with Triumph sings,
And laughs at all my Pain;
Thy Quiver, Darts and Strings,
She holds in high Disdain:
No more in idle Play,
Let *Venus's* Son be found;
Nor longer Cause delay,
But give her Heart the Wound.

So 'shall thy Godlike Aim
Restore a Swain to Joy;
And by thy Action claim
In Love superior Sway:
Thy Art and Judgment too,
Shall ev'ry Lover sing;
Proclaiming as your Due
The Lovers God and King.



The first Opportunity broke his Command:

On **W O M A N**.

Because forewarn'd, resolv'd to mind it not;

An Encomium.

W O M A N, what art thou? Where lie
hid thy Charms?

Thy Carnal Frame's a System stor'd with Harms:
Pandora's Box in thee is fair explain'd;

From first, with Evils and with Mischiefs stain'd.
Created first of Man the crooked'st Part,

And crooked still in Thought and Action art.

What Hope of Change, when thus five Thousand
Years,

Thou reign'st in Sin, quite void of Shame and
Fears?

Man thou excit'st, with all thy Art and Skill,
To disobey his own, and Heaven's Will.

Sin sure thou art, Shame thou still bring'st to us!

And all thy greatest Glory, to undoe us.

Distruction's in thy Eyes, and ev'ry Smile

Is still attended with a Thought of Guile!

Whene'er thou'rt gay, and any Smiles appear,

They, like a Comet, tell some Mischief near:

Thy very Looks are never chang'd for Nought;

Revenge, or Craft is ever in thy Thought.

What dreadful Strokes from Heaven's offended
Hand,

Hast thou occasion'd over all the Land!

Fire and Sword, with Pestilence, Plagues, and Death,

Are all those Evils that compound in thy Breath.

Man you need not fear, when Heav'n you oppose,
 And your Great Maker, dare him to his Nose.
 The first on Earth, tho' form'd by God's own
 Hand,

The first Opportunity broke his Command :
 And like her Sister, (Wife to pious *Lott*,
 Because forewarn'd, resolv'd to mind it not ;
 But turn'd about, and look'd behind to see,
 If Heav'n itself had better Eyes than she.) —
 To God and Man you ever bid Defiance,
 E'er since the Devil and you were in Alliance :
 One plagues the Body, the other waits the Soul,
 And so between you both, you damn the Whole.

Our Maker form'd the Woman as a Mate,
 To bless the Man, when in his lonely State ;
 To be Companion in his leisure Hours,
 And, as her Master, gave him greater Powers :
 But, being kind, he gave her too much Sway,
 And soon she lead herself and him astray.
 The Devil she sought, and when she found him out,
 She risk'd her Soul, to play one merry Bout :
 Her Innocence she gave, and all her Pow'r,
 With dear dear *Lucifer* to play the Wh—re :
 And after that, debauch'd her Husband *Adam* ;
 Who, like a Fool, to please his pretty Madam,
 Let cursed W——n steal his Virgin Charms,
 The very Time she left the Devil's Arms.
 Cuckold ! Betray'd, ravish'd, and undone ;
 His Heir apparent was the Devil's Son :
 Who like his Sire, and Tincture of his Mother,
 To shew his Breed, betray'd and kill'd his Brother.
 Thus Guilt and Sin, and ev'ry Thing that's base,
 In Woman first was found, fix'd in it's Place.

Love



Love for Love, a Song.

Tune, Gold's Superiority over Love.

W H E N *Damon* first view'd *Celia's* Eyes,
His Soul with Love was fill'd,
His Blood flow'd swift with Extacies,
And through his Vitals shrill'd.

II.

Her lovely Bloom, and Snow white Arms,
Her Features sweet and Fair;
Not *Venus*, when with all her Charms,
With *Celia* could compare.

III.

The lovely Youth despairing burns,
He Sigh'd, and then she Cry'd,
Since Hopes and Fears succeed by Turns,
Her Heart must too be try'd.

IV.

Young *Damon* deck'd with sweet Array,
To *Celia* swift he flies;
He look'd so charming, brisk and gay,
He made her Heart his Prize.

V.

He told fair *Galie* all his Flame,
In such persuasive Sound,
That She, alas! confess'd the same,
She felt the Self-same Wound.

Turn, Gold's Love's over Love.

In rapturous Transports then he flew,
And clasp'd the beautiful Maid;
With mutual Flame their Passions grew,
And Love for Love repaid.

VIII

With dearest Joys they taste Love's Trah^{ce},
And sip each choicest Bliss,
A thousand Pleasures in each Glance,
Ten thousands in each Kiss.

III



An Epitaph for an old Maid.

Written out of Respect for those Virgins.

VI

HERE lies the Body of Virtue, — kept
by Force,
No true Desire, but Nature's greatest Curse,
A Hell t'bear, and the very Source of hate,
The World's Contempt, and worst of human
Fate.

From

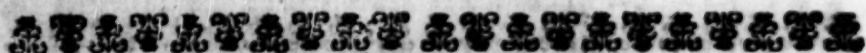
From hence it is, all Discontents arise,
 What Age can't love, and all Youth despise.
 Envy and Noise, Jealousy and Malice,
 All! It all commixt in this one Scale is.
 A Discontent, a constant Perturbation,
 Was still in me with great Immoderation:
 Then go thou Fool, and learn when offer makes,
 If thou refuse, such Fools this Fate pertakes.



*A Song written at Anchor in the Downs,
 and sent to a Lady in the Country.*

TO You, whom rural Sports enjoy,
 My Pen is now employ'd,
 You Dance and Flant your time away,
 Of Pleasure never cloy'd;
 While we poor Souls, as Neptune please,
 Are toss'd about the boisterous Seas.
 Whilst puffing Breezes fill our Sails,
 We fill the flowing Bowl,
 And bear away with pleasant Gales,
 We toast the merry'st Soul;
 Then casting back our Thoughts to you,
 We toast your Health, and wish it too.
 May you, when as your Mirth goes round,
 From Lad to Lais most free,
 Never be stinted to your Bounds,
 As we are for'd to be;
 For should we have our Sway to Toast,
 The Gods would envy us our Post.
With a fa la la, &c.
 And

And when *Aeolus* fills his Cheeks;
 To move us smoothly on,
 And breathes it sweetly in our Sheets,
 We fear no *French* nor *Dan*;
 But as we Sail before the Wind,
 We care for none, — But you behind.
 With a fa la la, &c.



On the Country, or Rural Life.

A Satire.

WHAT Joys more sweet, what Pleasures
 can abound,
 With more delight, than's in the Country found,
 The Fields so gay, the Trees so lovely green,
 Both Shades, and Lawns, in all their Bloom are
 seen.
 The Flowers Fragrant, with pompous Colour
 show,
 The beauteous Force of Nature's Works below.
 The purling Streams, with gentle Murmur's run,
 While hushing Zephirs cool the scorching Sun.
 How sweet ! How gay ! How beautifull's the Morn,
 When we perceive the Day's approaching Dawn :
 The streaky Clouds, to Eastern they approach,
 To wellcome *Phabus* in his gilded Coach ;
 There gather round him, while his Beams display,
 A Radiant Light, as Ruler of the Day.

In

In shining Pomp, he thus appears in Sight,
 And glads the World with his all-cheering Light;
 Displays his Beams, and whirls about his Course,
 And shews his Power by a rapid Force.
 The earthly Substance, or the Morning's Food,
 The Life of Spring, compos'd of Nature's Good;
 A chrystall Dew, which like to Milk it feeds,
 The earthly Product, both of Herbs and Weeds;
 At this approaching Form of Godlike State,
 Sinks down in Earth, the Residence of Fate.

The merry Birds their tuneful Throats prepare,
 And sweetly warble in th' resounding Air;
 Each calls his Mate, peculiar as his Choice,
 They chant their Musick with endearing Voice.
 Here Roses, they, their sweet Perfumes dispose,
 And Pinks and Lillys various Charms disclose.
 The beauteous Tulip, and earlier Flow'rs they,
 In various Seasons, various Charms display.
 Here, likewise Fruit their pleasing hues entice,
 The gazers Taste, to try their flavour'd Spice;
 The curral Cherry, and the bearded Peach,
 The clutted Grapes, have all their Sweets in each.
 The Meads and Fields, the Woods and Groves
 new Dress,

The Banks and Hedges, shine in all their best;
 Here each their part of Beauty doth expose,
 In ev'ry Object, Nature Wonder shows:
 Through all the various Seasons of the Year,
 In Rural Life, fresh pleasing Scenes appear.

When *Phœbus*, he, his Summer Course has run,
 And we suppose him where he first begun;
 Though he more distant seem to move his Seat,
 We still are happy in his long Retreat.
 New Sport we seek to glad the Winter Morn,
 And rouse our Senses with a sounding Horn:

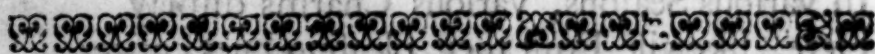
N

Away

(90)

Away to Horse, ——— the Hounds redoubled
Cries,
Our Chorus bears, and Eccho rends the Skies.
The sporting Steed too eager of the Chace,
His Sense of Pleasure, shews by rapid Pace;
He, swiftly bounding o'er the Hills he mounts,
And bravely aims at every Thing that Fronts.
The fearful Hare pursu'd, with trembling Joints,
She cunning Lurks, and doubles all her Faints:
At last o'ercome, her Strength and Power's
gone,

On ev'ry Side her circling Foes rush on.
Then, with the Prize, we Home again retire,
Our Days Delight, for Night new Joys inspire:
Thus we in Pleasure, volve about the Year,
And bring again the Spring with rural Chear.



An Epitaph for a Miser.

Out of Respect for Industry.

Beneath this Stone a Body lies confin'd,
Of human Class, but worst of human kind;
All Nature's Hate, compounded of all Evil,
For which his Soul is harass'd by the Devil.
He, Cent per Cent, still counted honest Gains,
Which now the Devil pays him for his Pains;
And ev'ry Day receives the Interest Sum,
But for the whole waits 'till the Day of Doom.

Cælia



Cælia Moved.

To a cruel Tune, not yet set.

A H! Why my *Cælia* droops that lovely
Head,

My melting Soul is sinking at the Sight:
Ah tell me *Cælia*! ——— Yet alas! I dread,
The dismal Thought of being ruin'd quite.

Those Cheeks, whose bloom out-shon the sweetest
Rose,

When dewy Pearls adorn'd its Blushes gay;
Now Change, alas! But oh! would you disclose,
The Reasons why those Beauties fade away.

O then, my Fair, the busy World should strive,
And ev'ry Art from Pole to Pole attend,
To keep those Beauties undisturb'd alive,
In whom to cease, all earthly Bliss must end.

Look up fair Nymph, and view thy vassal Swain,
Distracted! Wild! and ev'ry Sense alarm'd:
Ah! Lend thine Eyes, to ease this mortal Pain,
Which can by them, and only them be charm'd.

Fair *Cælia* mov'd to hear him thus complain,
With Sighs, reply'd, ah! What my Soul en-
dures!

Too lovely Youth! Contagious is thy Pain,
My Heart, alas! Can be but only Yours.

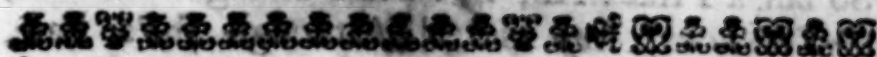
A Letter

A Letter to a Lady, recommending a Servant.

Honour'd Madam,

I Heard this Afternoon,
 You want, or shall, a Servant very soon.
 One that is fit your Person to attend on ;
 Now, this is one your Honour may depend on :
 A good natur'd, honest, decent, country Girl,
 That can your Tippet pleat, and Hair can curl.
 No brawny Slut to fill your House with Grease,
 But one will be a Credit in her Place :
 Can Wash, or Iron, and Laces tack on,
 As nice as any Lady has to crack on.
 Place your Cap, and ev'ry Hair she'll stroke up ;
 And to the Mode, your Gowns or Coats she'll tuck
 up :
 Draw on your Stockings, or Shoes, or Slippers,
 And to your Eye-brows, handle well the Nippers.
 She's skill'd in every part of decent Dressing,
 And has a pretty Art to shape in Lacing :
 She'll fix you strait, draw your Laces true,
 And is, in short, a Servant fit for you, &c.

Damon



Damon to Cælia,

Written by the Dictates of my own Passion

MY charming Fair, my only Soul's delight,
 In whom all Nature's brightest Gifts unite.
 O, how shall I my Passion first reveal?
 And yet 'tis Death if longer I conceal!
 Shall I in Torment thus with Silence keep,
 A burning Flame, that breaks my Peace and
 Sleep?
 Shall I for thee, bear all this load of Woe,
 And yet not tell thee what I undergoe?
 Shall I with Fears, and wild Desponding burst,
 With living silent? Which if I do I must.
 Shall I, when sick, my raging Pains endure,
 And not complain to those can work a Cure?
 Shall I with Torment, bear the Stings of Fate,
 Nor seek for ease, 'till seeking is too late?
 And wilt thou too, my Suffering tamely hear?
 O, can'st thou pity! Wilt thou move thy Fear?
 Pity it is a Friend, t' unhappy Love,
 And when thou pity'st 'twill a Blessing prove.
 O pity then! And let thy pity move,
 By gradual Pace, to warm returns of Love!
 What did I say? Alas! I'm wild in Thought,
 And breathe my Words, rash as my Soul hath
 taught.

Can

Can I e'er hope my frantick Soul will gain
 So fair a Prize: Ah, no! That Thought was vain,
 —Yet hold, my Heart! Although she's Fair,
 she's Good,

Too charming Fair to be of human Blood.

Can one like her, unmov'd, my Passion hear,
 And not consent to dissipate my Fear? —

Divinely form'd, angelick in her Mind,

First born to charm, but not torment Mankind. —

My hurr'ing Pulse, by you inspir'd to move,

With double Force, repeats the Stroaks of Love!

My Fault'ring Tongue can scarce pronounce a
 Sound,

But strives to say, Alas! I feel the Wound.

My Eyes so blinded with your dazzling Hue,

Refuse to look on any Light by you:

My heedless Feet, can turn no other Way,

Where you reside, they lead me still astray.

My Ears refuse to harbour any Noise,

But the dear Musick of your lovely Voice.

Methinks my Nose snuffs up the sweeter Air,

When you are near, it purifies it far.

In ev'ry Sense, in ev'ry part I feel,

A pleasing Hope through ev'ry Art'ry steal:

But then, alas! Succeeds an inward Dread,

By Fear transfix'd, and with desponding fed;

Which you alone can only drive away,

Support my Hopes, and all my Doubts destroy.

Your Voice, like Sounds of sweetest Musick,
 Charm.

Transports each Thought, and makes each Vital
 warm.

And when by Chance, I spy a Form like you,

My Spirits start, my Blood ferments a new;

But when I find my Eyes deluded are,

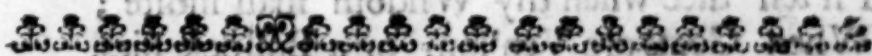
My Soul's so shock'd, the Cheat can hardly bear.

Both

Both Day and Night you're in my Breast,
My Peace you break, and Night my Rest:
From Morn to Night you're my only Care,
And when my Eyes are clos'd, you smoothly
steal in there.

In pleasing Dreams you fill my fancying Soul,
And gently all my roving Thoughts controul.
If e'er a Damsel of the fairest Hue,
Oppose my Eyes, I change her still for you;
And though bright Nature deck'd her in its
Pride,

Or, to excell the Sex in her had try'd.
Yet still me thinks, the lovely Fair falls short,
In ev'ry Charm, in ev'ry Sense and Part,
'Tis you alone can hurt, or ease my Heart.



The Lover's Complaint. Tweed Side.

Written in the midst of Despair.

HOW can a true Lover enjoy,
Any Comfort or Bliss in his Mind,
When his Mistress, with Coldness and Coy,
Triumphs, while she has him confin'd.
His Affections are grafted so deep,
No Torment like his can be found;
His Senses quite lost in Love's Sleep,
While the Nymph she will smile at the Wound.

An Answer to a Challenge upon Poetry.

To Mr ——— Armourer of the Centurion
Man of War.

O Foolish Man! Thy ignorant Pretence,
To shew thy Wit, betrays thy want of
Sense;

Wise would it be, to mind thy File and Plyers,
And seek no more than common Sense requires;
For thou wast first design'd for such a Class,
The Fox is no Relation, but the A ———

But if to Poetry thou claim'st a Right,
I'll tell thee when thy Wisdom shall indite;
When Goats are Ven'son, or a Bullock flies,
Then * Taffy may by writing Verses rise:

When *Christmas* happens in the midst of *Lent*;
Or *Jove* to live with *Pluto* is content,
Or *Phæbus* quits his airy Element.

When thou canst hammer from a Nail a Spear,
Will reach to *France*, and slay the *Dauphin* there;
Or when a *Welchman* proves an honest Man,
Then you may pass for a Poet if you can.

When you or I deserve a Poet's Name,
And Justice gives us by our Merit Fame,
Then may dumb Men sing, and dead Men
fight,

And all the *Indies* know, no Day but Night,
Or flying Owls, pluck their own Wings and Write.
But if thou wilt be Fooling with thy Quill,
I'll give thee my Advice, then use thy Will.

What

* Because he was a *Welchman*.

Whate'er thou writ'st to fill thy senseless Lines,
 And shew the World thy stupid, best Designs,
 Pray hide them where no Moon or Day-light
 shines ;

For if they thou'd be found by Men of
 Sense,

They'll see that *Vulcan*, *Balaam* does commence,
 And Bragging oft-times gives the Ears Offence.

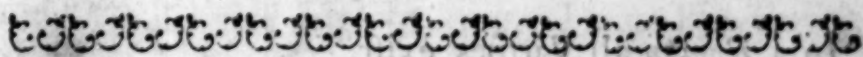
Thy rough unpolish'd Pen, much like thy File,
 Will set thy Reader's Teeth on Edge the while,
 And grate as rudely as thy rasping Steel,
 Or noisy Hammer to a Sick-man's feel,
 Or rubbing Fish-skin to a Kiby Heel.

Yet since you are an *Ancient Briton*,

You are as fit as any can be lit on

I mean for Men of Sense to sh—t on.

So *Vulcan*, see, altho' thou art a God,
 For thy own Backside thou hast made a Rod.
 If e'er thou com'st within *Apollo's* Shrines,
 And he should see a Copy of thy Lines,
 In Heav'n thou wou'd'st cause such noisy Jars,
 'Twou'd prove a Second Paradise of Wars ;
 And thou, like Satan, wou'd'st be headlong cast,
 To haunt the Hills, and die in Vales at last.



An Epitaph for a young Lady.

At her own Request.

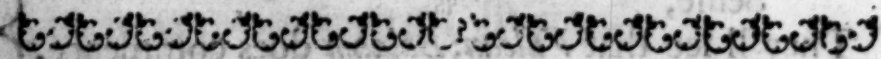
BENEATH this Monumental Stone, supine,
 Lies Death's cold Victim, when quick, divine!
 By Avocation of some Heav'nly Voice,
 Depriv'd the Earth of all its dearest Choice ;

Down

O

Erroneous

Erronous Virtues, so embellish'd, shone;
Her Emulation was outdone by none;
E'en Envy herself was oblig'd to praise,
And a Patient Exit clos'd her Days.



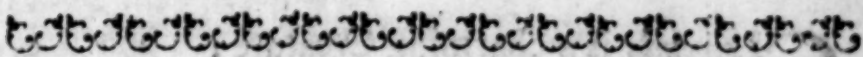
*For the Friendly Society and Brotherhood of
Antient Romans. (Of which I have the
Honour of being a worthless Member.)*

The Merry Ton'd Horn.

LET the Glas and the sparkling Bowl,
Pass freely to fire the Soul,
Since the *Romans* delight in good Wine,
Let us drink 'till our Faces do shine!
For *Cato* was brave,
And hated a Slave,
And *Cæsar* was Noble and Valiant in Arms:
But we are the Boys,
That delight in true Joys;
Both Topping and Sporting in *Venus's* Charms.

In a *Roman* all Virtues exist,
By a *Roman* the Girls are best kiss'd,
By the *Romans* the Glas is ador'd,
Love, Friendship, and Peace is restor'd;
For he is an Ass,
Who balks a full Glas,
Or sneaks from a Lass when she's Loving and Kind,
Or refuses to fight
For his Friend in the Right,
No *Roman* he's then, but a cowardly Hind.
Down,

Down, down, with that Miserly Lout,
 Who starts when the Watchman cries out,
Past Twelve! 'tis a cold Frosty Morn!
 No Roman like him was yet born;
 But Jolly and Free,
 All merry and glee,
 We Care not for Taxes or Politic Cares;
 The Charms of the Wine
 All our Thoughts so refine,
 We fear neither Danger, nor envious Snares.



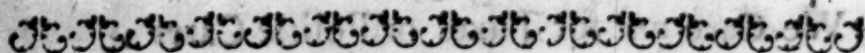
*An Acrostick. By a young Gentleman's Desire,
 (who had often made Love to the Lady, be-
 hind her Back.)*

SO much my Soul is fir'd with your Charms,
So ne Thought of you my Vital System warms;
Plys ev'ry Pulse with Flames of boiling Bliss,
Happy, (tho' in Thought) if e'er I taste a Kiss;
In such Delight, the eager Joy I feel,
At once my Heart wou'd in your Bosom steal.

Happy should I be, if in thy Bosom fair,
One Place was left, to let my Heart live there,
Where in Possession of the Heav'nli'st Frame,
Elect my Joys, and light a gentle Flame.

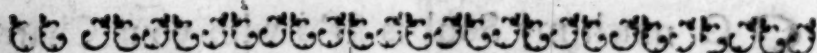
In that bright Mansion it shou'd ever stay,
Oppress'd by nought, but ever blest with Joy,
Secure of Bliss, and eas'd of all its Smart,
Hang flutt'ring round, still dancing to your Heart:
Untaught by Art, should whisper all my Pain,
And tell your Soul how long 't has sigh'd in vain,

(10)
B left with this Flight, my Fancy wildly roves,
L avish in my Thoughts I tell my gentle Loves,
E ndeav'ring, by my humble Tale, to gain,
W ithout Repulse, a Jewel worth my Pain.



An Epigram.

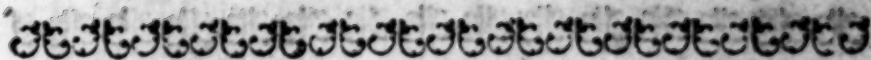
Clemenda is a charming Creature ;
No Man can e'er disprove it :
She daubs on * Art so fast to Nature,
'Tis very hard to move it.



*Another, made upon an old Sweet-heart of
mine.*

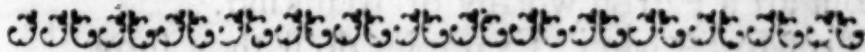
Poor Cblo' in the Morn has troublesome Fate,
Alas ! how vain are all her Pray'rs !
Her Hair grows so red to her silly proud Pate,
She Powders it twice e'er she dare face th' Stairs.

* *Paint.*



The Passion of the Eyes.

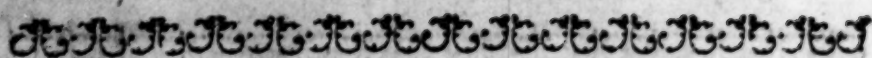
DEAR *Cblo'* thou' do'st thy Part to charm,
 Wou'd Nature let thee,
 And since it does thee so much harm,
 It well may fret thee ;
 For was it not thy † Hair and ‖ Teeth,
 Which oft fatigue thee,
 In setting off thy Head and Breath ;
 No thought cou'd plague thee.



Another, on the same Person.

ALAS my Love ! how melts my Longing Eyes,
 To gaze their Fill, and view their only Prize.
 Their eager Sight, rolls round the spangl'd Plain,
 Not finding you, return to me again ;
 When tir'd with Search, they too their Chambers
 creep ;
 Each drops a Tear, and weeps itself to sleep ;
 There drown'd they lie, in drowsy Sorrow spent,
 'Till flowing Tides their Slumbers do prevent ;
 Disturb'd by Dreams, they slowly lift their Sight,
 Eclips'd from you, they loath the chearing Light.

* *Linten*. † Stinking Breath, occasioned by Bad Teeth.



To the Moon the Mother of Midwives.

HAil brightest Goddess, mighty in thy Sphere!
Thou Ruler of our Blood, and Empress
here;

To thee all Nature cries aloud for Aid,
And fears thy Power, when of Life afraid.
Behold, a Mortal, dictates to thy Praise
His humble Muse to thy Immortal Rays;
Who e'er shall dare to imitate thy Fame,
Who ev'ry Month can change, yet still the same;
No wanton Prank can shake thy stedfast Mind,
But art a Patron worthy of Mankind.

To Mortal Men, Examples do'st thou show,
And point'st the Way that ev'ry Man should know;
For tho' thy Duty calls thee to retreat,
Yet still, thou do'st thy Visit here repeat.

Thou still perform'st in ev'ry Day and Night,
Thy Part to shine, or else to shade thy Light.
Thy Course in due Proportion do'st divide,
To view this World, or to another ride;
Where thou, no doubt, appear'st as gaily bright,
As when we view thy Glory thro' the Night.

Thy chaste and unpoluted Charms, divine,
Are nobly bright, thro' ev'ry Virtue shine:
Thou keep'st just Time, as when thou first begun,
And pay'st the Duty, which thou ow'st the Sun.

Thy gradual Pace ne'er fails, thy sure Retreat,
To meet that God from whom thou ha'st thy
Heat,

And Gift of Glory when thou shin'st in State;

And

And tho' thou borrow'st of his shining Store,
 He freely lends, because thou asks no more ;
 He gives the Glory with a frank Design,
 That in his Absence thou for him may'st shine ;
 Who like a Steward Worthy of the Trust,
 Thou pay'st thy Debts, and keeps thy Balance
 just.

Your God and Master, whom you truly serve,
 In ev'ry Point his Documents observe.
 He great in * Physick, thou, his Nurse, in Care ;
 He first prescribes, then you the Dose prepare ;
 He gives Command what Mortals shall receive,
 And thou tak'st Care our Mis'ries to relieve ;
 He watchful o'er the pregnant Womb on Earth,
 Makes thou the Midwife to attend the Birth ;
 On thee, then restless † Waters do attend,
 On thy approach, their Rise and Fall depend ;
 The gloomy Clouds he fixes in thy Pow'r,
 And rul'd by thee, retain or drop a Show'r,
Aeolus too, is guided much by thee,
 And when thou point'st, he bids his Whirl-winds
 flee !

All Earthly Mortals bend in Nature's Bow,
 And owns thy Pow'r o'er Mortals here below !
 Deputiz'd by *Phæbus*, arm'd with glitt'ring Light,
 In Majesty thou reign'st, and gild'st the Night.
 Constant thy Mind, yet changing still anew,
 Thy Shape is still the same, though not in View.
 Untaught by Sloath, thy Actions still are free,
 And shews to Man a true Magnanimity.

* *Apollo*, or the *Sun*, God of *Physic*. - † The *Tides*.

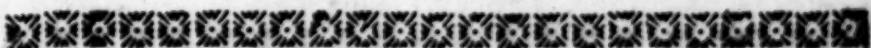
A S O N G.

To the Tune of the Tippling Philosophers.

When Honesty first was in vogue,
 And Honour begun for to shine,
 E'er Pulpits possess'd by a ———
 Or a Bishop was falsely divine,
 Then Princes and Statesmen were true,
 And Commanders refus'd not to fight;
 And the Clergy content with their due;
 Devoutly brought Virtue to L——ight,
 But Interest is now all our Aim,
 And controuls every Action and Thought,
 Makes the Soldier so loudly proclaim,
 Commissions are all to be bought;
 When Merit so sadly is paid,
 And a Coward, because he has Cash,
 Makes Courage and Honour afraid,
 Because they are under his L——ash.
 A ——— who will never repay
 A Gratitude when it is due,
 But slightly throws Honour away,
 On a Hunger'd and Beggarly Crew,
 Those N——s who first did subscribe
 To incumber the ——— and the ———
 Shou'd disperse this proud troublesome Tribe,
 And chuse them a Thing of their own.

Thus

Thus Trading again would advance,
 And the Nation grow wiser to see,
 That all Trinkets and Baubles from *France*,
 Are Poison in e'ery Degree;
 It poisons our Mind with a Pride;
 And it poisons our Commerce with Trade;
 And it poisons our Sense to provide,
 A Bliss that they cannot in——vade.



*On a young Man who was Jealous of a Ri-
 val, and who he thought was an Irishman.*

Tweed Side.

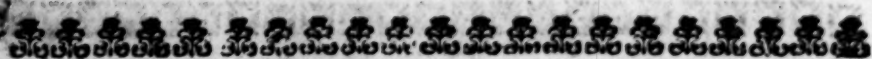
WHAT Dangers do Lovers endure,
 How can I my Sorrows express?
 From Fate we are never secure,
 Tho' Kingdoms and Crowns we possess;
 What Heart so entangl'd as mine?
 Or who can more constant e'er prove?
 Tho' I in long Absence repine,
 What must I resign up my Love?

How can you so cruelly strive
 To torture a Swain with Dispair,
 Who anxious, is scarcely alive,
 Nor lives, but to doat on the Fair?
 Then tell me, my *Chloe*, O say!
 Come tell me why you are so coy:
 Must *England* & *Hibernia* give way?
 Ah! will you be curs'd with Dear-Joy?

P

What

What tho' my * Condition's not free,
 My Heart as I pleas'd I could steer,
 'Till conquer'd by gazing on thee ;
 I'd doubl'd my Bondage with Fear !
 Then happy you made me again,
 By promising all I could wish :
 But Honey-dear causes my Pain ;
 For, I fear he has lick'd in my Dish !



*Another, made of the same Couple, who was
 afterwards going to be marry'd: But the
 Man being an Apprentice, their Master for-
 bid the Banns, and turn'd away the Maid
 the same Night.*

PRay be not surpriz'd at my Story,
 Which I am about to relate :
 Most plain I will lay it before ye,
 For Riddles and Quibbles I hate.

'Tis of a young Couple of Lamkins,
 Or rather of Birds, I will say ;
 They cannot be both of 'em Ramkins ;
 For of different Genders are they.

Therefore as I've said, I will borrow
 Two Names more becoming by much :
 We'll call 'em a † Finch and a Sparrow,
 You never will find two more such.

* He was an Apprentice at that Time. † His Sur-
 name was Finch.

The

The *Finch* sung his Notes so alluring,
 The *Sparrow* was ravish'd to hear!
 Poor Bird! there was no enduring!
 He warbl'd so sweet and so clear.

They twittl'd and nestl'd together,
 They bill'd and they coo'd like the Dove;
 And fain would have been of a Feather,
 So constant and true was their Love.

At last the poor *Finch* had a Rival,
 A *Jay*, of an *Irish* Breed,
 He sung! and would take no Denial,
 At Length he was like to succeed.

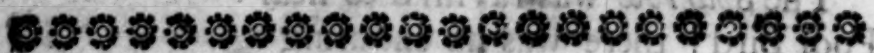
The *Finch* to prevent any Danger,
 A Nest he began to prepare,
 For fear the *Jay* he should change her,
 And carry his *Sparrow* so fair.

But mark their unhappy Intention,
 The Nest was no sooner begun,
 But soon they perceiv'd a Prevention;
 The *Eagle* came down from the Sun,

And gave the poor *Finch* such a Lecture,
 I'm sure he'll remember the Day:
 He vow'd that no Kind should protect her,
 —So forc'd the poor *Sparrow* away.

The *Finch* he Laments his Condition,
 And mourns the poor *Sparrow* his Mate!
 All Birds sing their Plot in Derision,
 And say they deserved their Fate:

Cynthia



Cynthia to Damon.

The Argument.

Cynthia after three Years Absence, and not bearing from him, she grows uneasy and jealous, and writes him the following Epistle.

REad on, false *Damon*! and as thy moving Eyes
 Descend those Lines, and view my fond
 Surprise!
 Fond to a Fault, where Love is thus repaid,
 Slighted, forsaken, and my Love betray'd!
 Think'st not I have just Reason to complain,
 When scoff'd and ruin'd by a faithless Swain.
 Vows, Lies, and Oaths, thou ply'st to gain my
 Heart,
 And fought my Ruin, with thy Force of Art.
 Pleasant and gay thou'd'st urge thy eager Love,
 And to confirm, invoke the Pow'rs above;
 Who now abhor thy perjur'd faithless Breast,
 And all who thus prove false, and thus protest.
 What put thee on this cursed base Design?
 Can it give Bliss, alas! to ruin mine?
 How oft hast prest my Bosom to a Flame,
 And made me own, what now I blush to name?
 Then gaze and smile, then with a sneering Bliss,
 Half-mad with Transport, catch an eager Kiss!
 Then, grasp me hard! and feign a Thousand Lyes,
 And swear, to part would prove your Sacrifice!
 That

That Proof, alas ! is now too fatal shown,
 Not to your Sorrow, but too much my own ;
 Had you been constant, as you've often swore,
 That Parting now, had been with Patience bore,
 For was it parting, but the Hopes to meet ?
 Which feeds Ten Thousand blooming Joys t' see't.
 But thou, false Youth ; as subtle Serpent, lurk,
 To catch your Prey, and then adore the Work.
 So did your Sire, (for sure you are a-kin,)
 Try all his Art to make weak Woman Sin.
 Trepann'd with Lyes, her easy silly Thought,
 And on her Race eternal Mischiefs brought.
 So thou, disguis'd, embrac'd the guardless Hour,
 And rudely trespass'd in my Heart's close Bow'r ;
 There rang'd in Joy, to find such weak Defence,
 You try'd your Arts to trap my Innocence ;
 And now obtain'd, what Pleasure can you see,
 To damn thyself, and all to ruin me ?
 Can'st thou expect the promis'd Bliss above,
 When thou hast broke thy Promise and thy Love,
 Can Heav'n be just to those who unjust prove ?
 Three Years are past, since I thy Face have seen,
 (Better for me, if it had never been,)
 And yet, no News to rest declining Hope,
 Nor Line, nor Token, since you first elopt.
 Perhaps you'll say, 'tis needless too indite,
 The Object is not worth the Pains to write !
 Perhaps you may, yet sure a Heav'n there is,
 Who hears and knows whate'er you say amiss.
 And shall that Heav'n, to whom Revenge belongs,
 Hear all your Lyes and not oppose my Wrongs ?
 Oh can you stand the Risque of such a Blow !
 Without the Dread of such a pow'rful Foe ?

First think, false Man! what thou hast vow'd,
to me,

Nay, vow'd to Heav'n, ——— that thou would'st
constant be!

And wish'd if e'er thy Ardent Love did change,
For sudden Death; and art alive? O strange!

Fulfill thy Promise if thou breath'st but Life,

To save thy Soul, make me thy Happy Wife;

Forgive the Passions of my troubled Breast,

And grant thy Love, I'll Pardon all the Rest;

Then hast, dear Youth, and say once more you

Love,

My Soul shall think, what e'er thou aims to
prove.



The Three Goddesses.

A mock SONG.

To a Fine Opera Tune.

AS Juno and Pallas, and Venus one Day,
Was talking of Beauty and Pow'r to sway,
They fell in Dispute 'till it came to a Fray,

Wub a down, down, &c.

Says Juno to Venus, you impudent B—h,
You're worse than a Prostitute f—d with the
I—h,

So common to all, that you're rank as a Ditch,

Wub your down, down, &c.

With

With that Mother *Venus* began to advance,
Remember, quoth she, when we three had a
Dance,
To show —— for an Apple, which —— I won
by Chance,

Wub my down, down, &c.

Why need you riot, and call me ill Names,
When *Pallas* and you are void of all Shames,
For Whoring and Tricking are chief of your
Aims.

Wub your down, down, &c.

With that Mistress *Pallas*, gave *Venus* a Smack,
Which made her Side, Face, and her Jaw-bone
to crack,

Crying, W—e as thou art, had not *Paris* a Smack
At your down, down, &c.

Did not, *Cupid*, your Bastard, complain to
your Face,
Of Faults you had done, and then nam'd you
Place?
Pray judge by your Actions, how noble's your
Race?

With your down, down, &c.

This put Madam *Venus* in raging to hear,
Her Goddess-ship rally'd in Terms so severe,
She gave Mistress *Pallas* such a Box on the Ear,
Which tumbld her down, &c.

Then turning to *Juno*, you Strumpet quoth she,
You P—xt your own Husband, he swore it to me,
Such Whores are a Scandal to H——n and we.

With your down, down, &c.

If

If *Jove* had not gone to *Apollo* in time,
 To ask for a Dose of his specific Sprime,
 All Heav'n had rung of your B——g——'s Crime.
And your down, down, &c.

Did not *Iris*, your Maid, get a Taste of old
Jove,
 Which tainted her Blood with her Criminal Love,
 But you was the B——h that first brought it above,
With your down, down, &c.

Quoth *Juno* to *Pallas*, let's leave this lewd Jade,
 To Riot, and Scold, and still follow her Trade;
 See! Heav'n's alarm'd with the Noise she has made.
With her down, down, &c.

With that the two Ladies thought fit to retreat,
 'Cause both were not able to hold the Debate,
 So left Mother *Venus* to mutter and prate.
To her down, down, &c.



On Mr Henry D——'s his Gaining Five
 Thousand Pounds in the Bridge Lottery,
 Anno 1737.

HOW wrongfully is Fortune painted blind,
 A huddl'd Figure, form'd to plague the
 Mind;

As if to Merit never dealt a Gift;
 Or where 'tis worthy lends her gen'rous Lift.

But

But now 'tis plain their Schemes are all a Cheat,
 Her Proof of Sight is not produc'd too late ;
 Enrag'd to see her Goodness thus abus'd,
 Confutes the World of what she stood accus'd.
 Divinely bright, she nobly shows her Taste,
 And to her darling Youth, a Testimony cast.
 Behold ! said she, thou noble, prudent Youth,
 And be a Witness of this mighty Truth ;
 That incens'd, I, proclaim the World to blame ;
 They wrong my Deeds, and rob me of my Fame ;
 Conceit me blind, because too plain I see
 Their Pride, their Folly, and their Vanity.
 But know thou Youth, my chosen Darling Son,
 Thy Care was mine before thy Days begun ;
 Adopted too, when in thy Mother's Womb,
 With promis'd Care to guard thee to thy Tomb.
 Live, thrive, and prosper, as thy Worth com-
 mends
 I still will join the Number of thy Friends ;
 And from thy Foes will Guard thee Day and Night,
 Protect thy Peace, and keep thee in my Sight.—
 Thus said, she flew, and left the Happy Youth,
 Her Care, her Joy, and Pledge of promis'd
 Truth.



The young Man's Complaint.

To the Tune of Patty's Mill.

HOW hard it is to own,
 That I have lov'd in vain !
 Where shall I make my Moan ?
 Or where shall I complain ?

Q

Was

Was ever Swain so true
 As I forsaken Man?
 Or Nymph so false as you?
 Deny it if you can.

I ever lov'd you well,
 You know it to my Pain.
 With Sorrow I may tell.
 You laugh'd whil'st I complain:
 Therefore I will abscond
 Your false and flatt'ring Ways,
 And never more be fond
 Of speaking in your Praise.

When first your Face I see,
 My Heart you did beguile;
 And glad I was to be
 In Favour with your Smile;
 That Creature sure thought I,
 Must be some Goddess neat!
 Would she with me comply,
 My Joys would be compleat.

But to my Grief I find,
 Alas! 'twas but a Snare:
 No more I'll set my Mind,
 On such dissembling Ware;
 My Hours I'll employ,
 And all my Thoughts I'll throng,
 With more substantial Joy:
 And sing this as a Song.



A Wager between the Wind and the Sun.

A Fable.

WHEN Gods distrust each others Pow'r,
 And each God thinks the other lower;
 Believes his own the greatest Grift,
 (And Obstinance admits a Lift)
 Each calls the others Right in Question,
 Not knowing which are most or least on ;
 Like Men, whose Pride or Ignorance,
 Serve to betray their Want of Sense ;
 With foolish Ostentation boast,
 Who has the least, or who has most.
 They brag of what they ne'er possess'd,
 And dare the other to the Test,
 'Till they have prov'd who shall be best.
 And often they who first contend,
 Are prov'd the weakest in the End ;
 It happen'd so between those Gods,
 The first in Fault, was worst by odds.

Æolus he begun the Quarrel,
 But *Phæbus* he obtain'd the Lawrel.

As he advanc'd the Diary East,
 Extending to the distant West ;
 With darting Rays and wonted Grace,
 He rides the Globe with rapid Pace ;
 His fiery Steeds obey his Hand ;
 As he Directs, or Reins Commands ;

C'er

O'er all the World his Beams display ;
 And Reigns sole Monarch of the Day :
 Thus shining in his graceful Sphere,
 He gilds the Day, and paints the Year.

Æolus he with Envy burns,
 And waits *Apollo's* swift Returns ;
 He tells to *Phæbus* what he thought,
 (By vain Imaginations taught)
 That great he was, and brave as he,
 In all his shining Majesty ;
 To prove his Words, he gave a Blast,
 And summon'd all his Winds so fast ;
 The Whole Creation seem'd to jarr,
 And own him Victor of the War.

At this *Apollo* seem'd to smile,
 But he with Rage contends the while ;
 And tells the God, 'twas his Intent,
 To give him Proof of what he meant.

Apollo bid him speak his Mind,
 And tell him all he had design'd ;
 Then he would give him full Content,
 Without Dispute or Argument.

With that the blust'ring God begins
 To tell the Forces of his Winds ;
 And that he'd Wager what he wou'd,
 He'd prove himself the greatest God ;
 He'd make the Trees to bend their Head,
 And rend their Branches as they spread ;
 The Liquid Seas where *Neptune* rides,
 He'd force against the rolling Tides ;
 The Body of the Earth he'd shake,
 And make the Hearts of Men to ake ;
 And that he'd lay Whole Cities waste,
 And overset them with a Blast.

Apollo took him as he said,
 And thus the Wager it was lay'd.

Æolus casting down his Head,
 A sturdy Peasant he espy'd,
 Was walking on a lonely Plain,
 Says he, (*Apollo*) mind that Swain:
 If thou canst strip him of his Robe
 As soon as I, the Vassal Globe,
 Shall then proclaim to all the Sky,
 That thou art best, and so will I.
 But if thou fail, thou shalt allow,
 That I'm a God more great then thou;
 And likewise shall submit to me,
 And own my Super'ority.

Agreed, quoth *Phæbus*, thou begin,
 And shew how like thou art to win;
 Each Puff will shew thy base Design,
 And what thy Pow'r wants of mine.

With that *Æolus* blow'd amain,
 Against the harmless pensive Swain;
 His Face he Smites, and then anon,
 Against his Back to drive him on.
 He puffs him round on ev'ry Side,
 With Blasts of Cruelty and Pride;
 All Laugh to see his Force and Skill,
 With all his Art succeed so ill;
 He vow'd Revenge against the Clown,
 And in his Fury blow'd him down.
 He summon'd all his Winds so fast,
 To starve the Hind with chilling Blast;
 Which made him close his Coat more fast,
 And button up about the Waist.

Apollo, stood to view the Swain,
 And then begun to Laugh amain;
 O, silly God, (*said he*) behold!
 To make him strip, thou mak'st him cold;
 It is a Bootless Aim that thee,
 Should'st think to cope in Strength with me;

Behold

Behold how easy I perform,
 What thou could'st not, tho' with a Storm;
 Then he began to dart his Beams,
 And strike his Heat with such Extreame;
 The Clown in sultry Toil and Sweat,
 And too much tired with the Heat,
 Begun t'open what before he'd clos'd,
 And felt the Heat the Wind oppos'd.
Phæbus pursuing of his Heat,
 With double Force did still repeat;
 'Till he compell'd him to develt
 His outward Robe, and all the rest:
 Thus they did with Opposition try;
 And *Phæbus* he was crown'd with Vict'ry.

Æolus he, asham'd to stay,
 In gentle Murmurs sunk away:
 E'er since, *Æolus* in the Night
 Does bluster most, 'cause t'other's out o' Sight.



A fair JOCKY at Bath

Written by Desire.

I Must tell you, my Friends, of a Tryal of Skill,
 That's as true as the Gospel, dispute it who
 will,
 By two gallant Youths this huge Matter was try'd,
 Who shou'd make his Fortune by getting a Bride:
Derry down down, &c.

The

The one was call'd *Jemmy*, the other call'd
Nick;
 But *James* wou'd have serv'd him a damnable
 Trick,
 By blasting his Fame; — but he blasted his own;
 Which will by the rest of the Story be shown.
Derry down down, &c.

Young *Jemmy* sets out with a Heart full of
 Hope,
 With a Lady, her Fortune, and Rival to cope;
 He dress'd himself gay, and he bluster'd about;
 And with Boasting, he made a most d-mn-ble
 Rout;
Derry down down, &c.

At *Bath* was the Place this great Matter was
 try'd;
 For here 'twas the Lady that Time did reside;
 When *Jemmy* from *London*, a Butcher by Trade,
 Did the Lady, her Senses and Fortune invade.
Derry down down, &c.

This Youth full of Wit, and his Heart full as
 light,
 To shew that his Notions were decent and bright,
 One Morning the Hostler, who repeated his
 Crimes,
 In Japanning his Boots, black'd 'em seventeen
 Times.
Derry down down, &c.

For

For which, with a blustering Strut when he'd
 done,
 He tip't him a Six-pence, and bid him be gone ;
 But the Man fraught with Honour much more
 than his Master,
 Return'd him again his poor niggardly Tester :
Derry down down, &c.

He address'd the fair Nymph with a pityful
 Strain,
 And told her his Passion was burthen'd with Pain ;
 But she, to his Sorrow, and faith it was hard ;
 Did neither his Passion nor Person regard.
Derry down down, &c.

He boasted of Wealth, and of all that was
 Grand ;
 And whene'r she rid out, he was still at her Hand ;
 But she being cruel, or what is much worse,
 Oft times whipt this Monkey instead of her Horse.
Derry down down, &c.

He still buzz'd about her like a Bee round a
 Flow'r ;
 But to taste of her Sweets it was ne'er in his Pow'r :
 His Sting was too short to extract away Honey ;
 And he came up to Town without she, or her
 Money :
Derry down down, &c.

He

He rail'd at his Rival, poor *Nicholas W* ———
 And in scurrilous Terms said the Devil and all :
 He try'd e'ery Art, and went fighting his Case,
 'Till at last he became the Contempt of the Place :
Derry down down, &c.

At this honest *Nic*, to his Praise be it spoke,
 (While *Femney*, poor Thing, with his Heart al-
 most broke,)
 Soon won the fair *Lafs*, with smart plain honest
 Strains,
 Tho' the other so long had been plaguing his
 Brains:

Derry down down, &c.

The Butchers flock round him, like Birds
 round an Owl,
 And laugh at his Conduct, for indeed it was foul;
 In the Market he sculks, and he leers like an Ass;
 While *Nicol*, his Rival's enjoying the *Lafs*:
Derry down down, &c.



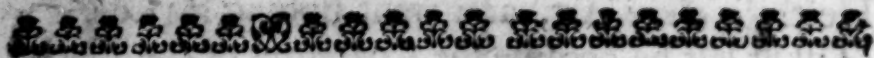
*An Epitaph for a noisy, wild Spark, who
 went by the Name of Ranting Jack.*

H E R E lies the Remnant of a Rustick Frame,
 Reduc'd to Earth, from what all Mortals
 came ;

Yet I, when quick, with Discord fill'd my Days,
 And noisy Riot was my only Praise ;
 No other Note was I distinguish'd by,
 But *Ranting Jack*, yet now, how quiet I !

R

The



The Solitary Lover revers'd:

To the Tune of, Gold's Superiority over Love.

FILL up the Bowl, put round the Glass,
 To raise a drooping Swain:
 Such flowing Streams, where-e'er they pass,
 Must ease all human Pain.
 With some brisk Sociates let me fit,
 And Bumpers of this Kind,
 Since Wine inspires sparkling Wit,
 And elevates the Mind.
 The Bowl which makes all Topers gay,
 Torments my longing Eyes,
 To see such Juices fade away,
 When void of fresh Supplies.
 The sparkling Glass, which makes us glad,
 And gaily charms the Night,
 To see it empty, makes me mad,
 And frantick at the Sight!

~~~~~  
*An Epitaph on a certain Purser of a Man  
 of War, Who cheated the Sailors of their  
 Allowance: He was so very thin, that he  
 was call'd, The Miracle of Life.*

**H** E R E lies the Substance of Bisket, Beef and  
 Pork,  
 Who seem'd the Remnant of Nature's left-off  
 Work,  
 Cast aside promiscuously together,  
 And hatch'd by *Chaos* in a *Scorpion's* Bladder,  
 Like humane Nature he presum'd to thrive;  
 But fed on Curses, while he was alive:  
 A Mock on Nature, a Shadow of a Man:  
 The Devil where he is, match him if he can;  
 For, while alive, his Carcass was so thin,  
 His Bones and Muscles appear'd thro' his Skin.

~~~~~  
The War of Love; or CUPID's Conquest.

A Poem.

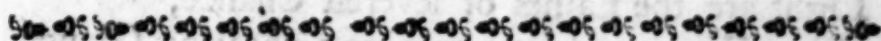
M Y wounded Soul directs my Pen to move;
 Commands its Task, and bids it speak of
 Love:

He whispers me, and in my inward Thought,
 He bids me write what Love has only taught

You need but paint the Anguish that you feel;
 Addition's vain; for here's enough of real:
 Then points the Object of my fond Desire,
 The blazing Spark that kindl'd all the Fire.
 Look on, says he, behold a Form Divine!
 Wit, Beauty, Vertue, all does there combine;
 And what else Charming can attract the Mind,
 Is here prefix'd; a Wonder of her Kind!
 I view'd, and saw such Sweetness in her Eace:
 M' Heart at once forsook its gradual Pace:
 And hurrying on in Extasies, a Storm
 Of longiag Raptures, all my Blood was warm:
 My languid Spirits, which before was cool,
 Were now transported out of Bounds and Rule.
 The more I strove, the more I felt the Flame:
 My Pulses rude, but yet to her all tame.
 From Head to Foot my Blood was all in War;
 And flow'd a Tide of rapid Streams for her.
 Immensely swift my liquid Spirits rov'd,
 And all made haste to tell my Heart they lov'd;
 A Change uncommon in a gladfome Swain,
 Unskill'd in Love, unus'd to pleasant Pain!
 At this Surprize I summon'd all my Sense,
 To try my Heart, if guilty of Offence:
 But as I fought, alas! too plain I saw,
 That e'ery Point was gain'd by *Cupid's* Law.
 I then set up in Opposition, one
 I thought as fair, as seem'd the Morning Sun:
 But casting up their Vertues to a Sum,
 She cast the latter in the total dumb:
 As she was solid, decent, sweet and free,
 The other's Pride as odious seem'd to me:
 Yet, not content, I call'd another Fair;
 And, as before, I made 'em both compare:
 But when Commensuration was applied,
 I found her shine in e'ery Thing I try'd.

Her

Her modest Grace, and gentle sweet Address,
 Convinc'd my Fate, and made my Heart confess;
 Although I felt a Pleasure in the Pain,
 I sigh'd, and wish'd my Freedom from my Chain!
 But as I strove to set my Heart at large,
 The cruel God redoubled still his Charge.
 I then sum'd up her Imperfections all;
 But *Cupid* whisper'd — th' Number is but small.
 Behold, said he, her shining Vertues bright,
 Excels the Brilliant by reflected Light,
 Whose Beauty's borrow'd, like *Cameleon's* Hue;
 But hers is all from Nature's Lustre true.
 Friendship unmatch'd with neither Pride nor Vain,
 But decent Prudence flow in ev'ry Vein:
 Wit to adorn her streaming Graces round,
 And liberal Goodness all her Virtues crown'd.
 See how her charming sweet Deportment glares,
 Beyond her Sex, like *Lun'* among the Stars!
 Thus spoke the God; and as he turn'd to part,
 He smiling, whisper'd, try the Fair One's Heart;
 Fear not to speed: And as he took his Flight,
 I felt the Wound, and wish'd the God good Night.



On W O M A N.

A Satire.

WOMAN, thou dearest Soother of our Pain,
 Beauty of the Globe, and Flower of the
 Plain!

From thee alone does human Bliss proceed,
 And, but for thee, the World was useless made;
 Thy

Thy lovely sweet Angelick Form Divine,
 Compleated all, and made the World first shine:
 Those glorious Beams, which bless the World with
 Light,
 For thy dear Sake divides the Day from Night.
 All Nature's Pride, in whom all Vertues live,
 And whom alone all vertuous Gifts can give.
 For thee the Coward draws his dauntless Steel;
 From thee the brave sharp wounding Powers feel:
 For thee the Miser frankly deals his Gold;
 And trembling gives the Orphan's Right he stole.
 The Proud and Haughty bow to thee their Crown:
 And Kings with Pleasure lay their Scepters down.
Prometh'an Smiles in thee are sweetly view'd;
 By them from Death, we are to Life renew'd.
 Your noble Vertue, which adorns you bright,
 Sooths all our Cares, and makes our Sorrows light:
 When Beauty sits triumphant on the Fair,
 How gay it seems, how lovely blooms it there!
 No haughty Frowns disturbs their gentle Brows;
 Serenity seems thron'd, and Meekness ever flows.
 When hardest Hap has made our Sorrows great,
 How sweetly Woman heals the Wounds of Fate!
 Light are the Lashes of severest Chance,
 When Woman deigns to give a chearing Glance.
 Her Eyes, her Smiles, her Looks, and e'ery Charm,
 Forbids Despair, and all our Grievs disarm.
 When tort'ring Pains our mortal Bodies tear,
 Dear Woman sooths, and makes them light to bear:
 Altho' oppress'd, and burthen'd too with Woes;
 Imprison'd close, where nought but Sadness flows;
 Yet one kind Fair wou'd all these Grievs replace,
 And calm each Thought that might disturb our
 Peace:

Impart such Bliss by her dear Converse told,
 The Cell would seem a Palace gilt with Gold.

What's

What's Honour, Wealth, or Life to be confin'd,
 From that dear Earthly Blessing, Womankind!
 What Man wou'd wish to be a King declar'd,
 If he by that from Woman was debar'd?
 When Griefs oppress you, or a raging Pain,
 Go search the Fields, and range the verdant Plain;
 And when all Nature you have try'd, and fail,
 Dear Woman will o'er all your Woes prevail;
 Charm all your Griefs, and lull your Cares to rest,
 Impart true Joys, and ease your troubled Breast.
 Thou dear Companion of our Joys or Woes,
 From whom alone all balmy Comfort flows!
 Wa'st surely made to animate the Mind;
 To guide our Thoughts, and make our Soul
 refin'd.

Thy gentle Nature, whose all-soothing Smiles,
 Betrays our Care, and all our Fear beguiles.
 When Danger does itself to us present,
 And Death seems ready t'attend th' dread Event;
 Though cloth'd in all the Horror Fate can show,
 Yet Danger's lost, when Woman bids us go.
 Through armed Bands, amid'st the imbattl'd
 Fields,

Where Blood and Horror is the whole it yields;
 Tho' Death in various Shapes appears to View,
 Yet Fear's dissolv'd by one dear Thought of you,
 The thund'ring Cannon loudly roars in vain;
 And Death's but Trifles to a Lover's Pain:
 He dauntless aims, and with the Bravest tries;
 And thinks it Vertue, if by that he dies.

Ye Stars of Earth, and Nature's brightest Part,
 Who both can joy and captivate the Heart;
 For your dear Sake does Death regardless stand,
 And Life's endur'd but at your Command.
 Your Love such Transports in the Soul can raise,
 That Words are lost, whene'er they aim to praise.
 Your

Your Smiles are Life, and e'ery Touch a Bliss;
 Your Lips Æth'rial, and are Heav'n to kiss;
 O tell me, wond'rous Nature, what thou art!
 If once deficient of this dearest Part?

What's Life to Man, when all those Joys are
 miss'd;

For which he'd live, or else would not exist?

Shou'd Woman, Pride of Earth, be call'd away,
 And leave Mankind about the Globe to stray;

The Great Tribunal then wou'd wish'd for be;

And all the World might sink as well as thee.

The Mid-Day Sun might spread its splendid Light,

And vainly gild the dulsome Day 'till Night;

The Morning's Dawn wou'd seem to Mankind sad;

And Night itself more suit the lonesome Lad.

How shou'd we weep and mourn the dreadful
 Thought,

Shou'd that great Bliss of Earth from Earth be
 caught?

In vain the Rose wou'd deck the Thorny Bush,

And gladsome Sports wou'd all be still and hush:

In vain the Blossoms wou'd adorn the Plain,

And Nature's self shine through the World in vain:

No more let Man his fancied Power name,

When Woman thus controuls the Earthly Frame:

Strange Power we boast, alas, when Woman's
 Eyes

Can make the World to them a Sacrifice.

The

*The compleat Gentleman, or Quintessence of
Greatness.*

An Encomium on a certain Gentleman.

THIS Theme must surely meet Applause,
'Cause 'tis founded on real Cause ;
The Man from whom this Canto Springs,
A gen'ral Curse the Country Sings.
In famous *Clime*, where I am told,
The good King *Edmund* lost his hold ;
Or speaking plain, he slipt his Breath,
For there it was he met his Death :
—— And now I think on't the Devil P—x me,
If the very Place is not call'd *H—ne*.
Now at that Place, there lives a 'Squire,
Whose Life no Mortal does desire ;
And next to tell his Name, I'll strain hard,
For Faith 'tis Honourable, what ? O ! * ——
He ever liv'd a single Life,
And hates a Man that loves a Wife.
In former time he lov'd a Woman,
Nay, lov'd —— in short his Love was common ;
And if 'tis true what People hint at,
The Sex has burnt his merry Lint-cat :
Nay, others say the Doctors cropt it,
And so they spoil'd it when they lopt it :
But be it false, or be it true,
I love to give the Devil his due.
His Person, Temper, Character, all three,
Like the Trinity, (but crooked) agree ;

S

And

• M. Guess at it.

And since I know his Virtues well,
 His Worth in Dog'ril Rhime I'll tell.
 His Pride has built a noble Sear,
 ——— But has little in it fit to eat;
 Of which I'll give a gentle Hint,
 The Men, and Maids, and Horses stint;
 The Men to make 'em strong and hearty,
 'Cause they are of a different Party;
 They are allowed of Cheese or Meat,
 Exactly twice a Day to eat;
 With a full Pint of Ale to chear 'em,
 And Suffolk Cheese to scour and clear 'em.
 The Maids to shew his great Affection,
 For his own Credit and their Complection,
 Are ne'er allow'd but half a Pint;
 And that's their constant daily Stint.
 Not to save his Ale, God knows,
 But to prevent high Words and Blows:
 For Women, when in Liquor sunk,
 Are worse than Men, that's twice as Drunk;
 He therefore thinks it wise Decorum,
 That they may Judge of Things before 'em.

At twelve or one they ring a Bell,
 Which all the out-lying Servants tell,
 That Breakfast is at last declar'd,
 When they with Stomachs well prepar'd,
 Like Hounds, pursue the eager Chace,
 And gain by Scent the Banquet Place.
 For now there's brought a Cheese, whose * Shell,
 Is strong, as is the Kernal's † Smell,
 And that God knows is Rank enough,
 As likewise is the Hide as tuff.
 A Dame does here attend as Guard,
 C'er all this hung'ry greedy Herd,

* The Rhine of the Cheese, † The Inside.

Least in their Pockets they convey,
 A Bit to serve 'em by and by;
 For you must know its Eight or Nine
 O'Clock at Night before they Dine:
 When, if sufficient, all are joy'd,
 That there's enough to make 'em cloy'd;
 And ev'ry Soul's extreemly fly,
 To steal a Bit and lay it by;
 And like a Span'nel smell about,
 To find the other's Victuals out.
 The Groom and Coachman ev'ry Day,
 Have both their stint of Corn and Hay;
 And ev'ry Horse like ev'ry Servant,
 Grins because he han't enough on't.

Himself supplies each Servant's Place,
 But that you know is no Disgrace;
 For since its only his good Nature,
 They ought to like their Place the better:
 And though his Help, he seldom fails,
 He never stands to take their Vails;
 Unless it be at || Justice-sitting,
 And then you know it is but fitting,
 Because his Clerk might else grow Great,
 Those Fees would be a small Estate;
 And should he always have his Due,
 In Time might be a Justice too.
 Butler, always he is the Chief,
 T' keep the other from being a Thief;
 Least he shou'd give the Cook a Sup,
 For Cooks are lovers of a Cup:
 He therefore keeps the Keys of all,
 Unless it be the Ale and Small;

And

|| At the Justices Meeting, he puts the Fees in his
 own Pocket.

And Small, God knows, it is enough,
 Nay, the Ale's but weakly pinch-gut Stuff,
 Such as breed Cholicks and Agues,
 Only fit for *Spanish* Negroes:
 Not Tipple fit for *English* Souls,
 Who love good Beef, and flowing Bowls;
 And think good *English* Food and Nappy,
 The only Things to make 'em happy.
 Men, who like our Sires of old,
 Were bravely Honest, wisely Bold,
 And kept our Enemies in Awe,
 Maintain'd our Rights as well as Law;
 Who when they struck the mortal Blow,
 The *English* Pow'r they made 'em know;
 Not fear'd the Nations Sword to draw,
 Their Hands were like the Lions Paw.
 They made the World confess our Pow'r, —
 But not by drinking Beer that's Sour;
 Nor better Liquor by the Stint,
 Of only ev'ry Day a Pint.
 No! In Days of old, our Knights and Squires,
 Kept good Houses, and good warm Fires;
 Which made their Servants Spirits swell,
 With glowing Zeal to serve 'em well;
 And thought it Pleasure t' be a Slave,
 To Masters that were truly Brave;
 And run their course of Duty through,
 As hearty as a Horse could do;
 But Masters, such as this, would make,
 Men hate the rest, for his dear Sake.
 Void of Honour, Trust or Spirit,
 As he is of all other Merit.
 He Laughs at all the World can say,
 And holds his Neighbours still in play;
 For not a Soul that's worth a Tester,
 Within some Miles but he has pester'd.

The

The Poor all round obey his Nod,
 And pay him Homage as a God.
 He ought indeed the Peace to keep,
 But he breaks both their Peace and Sleep;
 And therefore this he has to brag on,
 They dread him as they would a Dragon:
 And 'cause he is so very civil,
 They hate him as they do the Devil.
 He plays the Justice very madly,
 And uses Power indeed but sadly.
 Sometimes he Studies much the Law, —
 But 'tis to find some special Claw,
 Where he may plague some Neighbour by't,
 For that's his Chief and Sole Delight.
 When e'er by Chance he wants his Taylor,
 And he shou'd Chance to prove a Failer,
 And not attend the appointed Hour,
 His Worship looks but very Sour.
 And though he comes a Mile or two,
 All he has there perhaps to do,
 Is to darn an old Waistcoat Lining,
 Sow on a Button, or tack a Binding;
 Which he does Gratis, by the Bye,
 And dare not ask the Reason why.
 He always keeps these * Scound'rels under,
 They fear him as they would do Thunder;
 And when they dare bring in a Bill,
 Which is to him a bitter Pill;
 Perhaps they wait there half a Day,
 Nor dare't not think of going away,
 'Till they have seen his Worship's Face,
 Which seldom's pleasant in such a Case;
 And tho' it mayn't be half a Crown,
 'Tis five to one if he sends it down;

Or

* A great Word with him to every Body.

Or if he shou'd he'll have a Receipt,
 Or else the Devil a bit he'll pay't:
 And though they're out o' Pocket by him,
 They dare not for their Lives deny him,
 As being Justice of the Peace,
 He Reigns dread Lord o'er all the Place.
 In Architecture he's well Vers'd,
 In all its Branches, best and worst:
 As likewise planting Shrubs and Trees,
 And all such little Arts as these:
 Can teach his Gard'ner how to Sow,
 To Dig, to Prune, to Plant, to Mow;
 Or how to Doctor up a Sallad,
 To fit the Taste of nicest Palate.
 And thus he traces every Art,
 And knows the most minutest Part.
 A Glasse he has to look and spy,
 And into ev'ry Crivice pry;
 By which he guides his Judgment right,
 And sees nothing wrong, that's out of Sight;
 Yet there are Things he'll point a Fault on,
 Such as ne'er was seen or thought on:
 And yet he'll often tell by Sight,
 Whether a Thing is Black or White;
 Can guess if Men are dull or wise,
 And views him with his Ears and Eyes;
 By which he judges Soul of Man,
 As Tinkers do a Pot or Pan;
 By Sight and Sound the two best Things,
 'Cause one is seen, the other Rings.
 There's not a Part of Household Drudging,
 In any Branch but he's a Drudge in.
 At Washing Time he still produces,
 All that is proper for such Uses;
 And weighs the Virgins just and true,
 Exactly half an Ounce of Blue;

But


But often fears least they bereave,
 The gen'rous Soul of what they leave.
 Instructs the Maids to set their Lye,
 And how to Wash, and when to dry;
 Allows a certain Time to do it,
 And if they fail, they 're sure to rue it;
 He'll call 'em all the Whores and Birches,
 Idle Sluts and lazy Witches. —
 Nor can they cheat him of a Minute,
 He knows their Wash, and what is in it,
 And how much Time 'twill take to do it,
 If they with Diligence pursue it.
 For he himself gives out the Cloaths,
 Both Shirts and Sheets, and dirty Hose.
 Nay, calls the Maidens up that Morn,
 As sure as ever they were Born,
 And entertains them at the Door,
 The while they dress with Bitch, and Whore.
 For ev'ry Morning he's up first,
 'Cause not a Servant he can Trust: —
 He scorns to plague their Bodies thus,
 And not afford their Souls a Curse.
 So ev'ry Sunday, ev'ry Room,
 To clean, is sure the House-Maids Doom.
 The Beds be turn'd, the Hangings dusted,
 And all the Irons rub'd that's rusted;
 Or else sit down to mend his Cloaths,
 Which are no more than Rags, (God knows.)
 At other Times to mend his Linnen,
 Any Thing to encrease their sinning,
 Nay, any Servant dar'ft as well,
 To go to Church, as go to Hell:
 He employs 'em all about the Time,
 They Ring for Church, or Toll, or Chime;

And

And 'cause the * Parson and he fell out,
 He D—mns the Church, and him to Boot:
 And was it not the Spiritual Law,
 Which does defends him from his Claw,
 No doubt but he'd have found a Way,
 To have kept the Vicar still in play;
 And rue such inadvertent Things,
 As huffing Men as great as Kings;
 For those who act by dint of Pow'r,
 Can always humble those who're low'r.
 And here a Justice seems as Great,
 As he who guides the Helm of State;
 And keeps the Poor as much in Awe,
 As though himself was King of Law:
 He makes 'em when they come before him,
 Fear him, if they don't adore him:
 Nay, though they hate him, must dissemble,
 And seem to like him, while they tremble.
 'Cause Authority is center'd in him,
 Therefore the only way to win him,
 Is to Flatter, Cringe and Fawn,
 And lay your Consciences in Pawn;
 You need not mind what 'tis you do,
 Provided his Worship gives the Cue;
 For if he wants a Man to Swear,
 An Oath or two, you must not spare;
 And then he'll stand as truly by you,
 And Swear you first himself, to try you.
 These are the Men he values most.
 He likes a Knight, I mean of the Post,
 'Cause those 're Knights, who serve and fear him,
 No other Knights will come a near him:

Nor

* He fell out with the Parson, and absconded the
 Church, because he would not allow his Coach and
 Horses to spoil the Graves.

Nor does he care they should indeed,
 Cause then he's from the Expences freed.
 The Expence is great, which still attends,
 The entertaining many Friends ;
 And as a frugal way is best,
 With that he always treats his Guest.
 And this I'll tell you to his Praise,
 His Notion's good, in various Ways ;
 And though they're odd, they're very witty,
 He likes a Thing of Antiquity ;
 He values not your modish Fashions,
 Kickshaw Lace, and such like Flashings.
 No gawdy Dress to make a Show,
 Nor outside Marks of Grandure, No !
 Though others like their Cloaths quite New,
 He's not obliged to do so too ;
 He likes 'em cut by ancient Rules,
 Not like your Modern flighty Fools ;
 With pinch'd up Shapes and Airs, (Pox rot 'em,) 
 And Buttons set from top to bottom :
 No ! This is the method he pursues,
 And that ev'ry Man ought to use.
 He buys the Outside first, and then,
 Makes the old Lining serve again ;
 Or if its Fretted, Greas'd or Wore,
 Why then in Course he sends for more ;
 That if the old one's not enough,
 He gets a Yard or two more Stuff ;
 And so Re-makes himself a Coat,
 The nearest way to save a Groat ;
 And as becomes a Man of Sense,
 He finds the way to save his Pence,
 In all Things he contrives the best,
 To save the most, and spend the least.
 And thus he traces Reason through,
 As wisest Stoicks ought to do ;
 And not to spend his Substance wild,
 In gawdy Trifles like a Child :

For Money is the sole Support,
 From humb'lest Cottage to a Court;
 And was it not for Wealth alone,
 The King and Beggar's just all one.
 Wealth buys Honour, Pow'r, and Strength,
 Can stretch a short Thing t' a long Length;
 Can make a Boy commence a Captain,
 'Fore he can well Butt'n th' Coat he's wrapt in.
 But did gay Trapping grow like Sedges,
 And Stars like Blossoms upon Hedges;
 A Peasant then might deck his Breast,
 And strut as lordly as the best.
 If full trim'd Cloaths cou'd grow like Hops,
 And hang in Clusters on Bush-Tops;
 And powder'd Wiggs the Hedges yield,
 The Beaux wou'd all repair to Field:
 But then the Clowns as well as Beaux,
 Wou'd deck themselves in Nature's Cloaths;
 And how shou'd we distinguish then,
 The Vulgar from the Gentlemen?
 For 'tis not these which makes the Soul,
 Our basest Appetites controul;
 Or raises in our Carnal Frame,
 One glorious Deed t' merit Fame:
 No, it rather adds t' our Demerit,
 And taints with Pride th' humane Spirit;
 For empty Pride and Pageantry,
 Still murders all Society:
 And as the World is guided now,
 There's nothing like an outside Show.
 A Tinker dress'd in rich Attire,
 Will draw an Homage from a 'Squire;
 He'll strike his Hat of's own Accord,
 As though th' Tinker were a Lord;
 Which shews the Man we don't admire,
 But that it is his grand Attire.

All this our cunning Stoick knows,
 And therefore minds not gaudy Cloaths;
 He sees more Beauties in the Mind,
 Where Nature has been freely kind;
 By which he wisely judges what
 Is truly worthy, what is not.
 The World, he knows, is merely mad,
 And ev'ry Day it grows more bad;
 And therefore, as 'tis frailly prone,
 He'll trust but to himself alone;
 For, as he knows all Servants such,
 They'll finger ev'ry Thing they touch;
 He therefore, to prevent their Touches,
 Lets nothing come within their Clutches;
 But keeps himself the Plumbs and Figs,
 And likewise th' Powder for their Wiggs;
 And when he deigns to give it out,
 He never stands to make a Rout;
 But takes the Scales, and weighs it true,
 Exactly what he thinks will do:
 And when the Cook by chance wants Wine,
 To make her Sauce or Gravy fine,
 The Butler carries a Bottle up,
 As likewise does the Cook a Cup;
 And there the Master wisely grants
 Enough to satisfy her Wants.

Whene'er th' Keeper has spent his Stint,
 Of either Powder, Shot, or Flint,
 He goes to him for more Supplies,
 Which he with some Reluctance weighs;
 But asks a thousand Questions, what?
 When, and why, and wherefore not?
 What Game he's kill'd, and how long since;
 And whether 'twill answer the Expence?
 In all Things else he acts as wise,
 And ev'ry Method can revise. —————
 He dares not trust his Man (God knows)
 With th' Brush, with which he cleans his Cloaths:

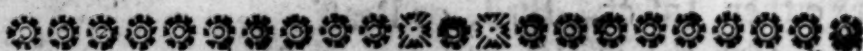
(145)
Nor dares he turn his Back before,
He double locks and bolts each Door;
To make his Servants serve him long,
He binds 'em like an Apprentice strong;
And makes 'em sign their Hands next Morning,
To give him three Months lawful Warning:
To bring 'em to't, the first two Days,
He lets 'em do what e'er they please;
But after they have sign'd their Hand,
He brings them under more Command.
They are in number half a Score,
But now he's Extra just two more;
And five of them are going away,
And the rest determin'd not to stay;
For sick or well, he is so good,
He'd see 'em perish if he cou'd,
And die for Want of Help or Food:
And while the Year revolves about,
He sees about four dozen out,
He hates to see a Servant still,
Nor never shou'd by his good Will.
He's always thinking and contriving,
How e'ery one shall get their Living;
And can advise you how to keep
From daily Droulines and Sleep.
One Thing more I might have said,
In Honour of this wisest Head;
For to his Credit I may tell it,
The quickest Nose cou'd never smell it.
In Season, when the Sun begins
To paint the Plumbs and Peaches Skins;
And flavorate, and ripen all
The Fruit that decks his Garden Wall;
Then with his Pen out fallies he,
And numbers all on ev'ry Tree;
And if the Wind should make one fall,
And reduce th' Number on the Wall;

Or

Or if the Grubs or Magpies came,
 If any dropt, 'twere all the same;
 The Gard'ner must the Remnants find
 Of what the Birds had left behind.
 If either Insect, Bird, or Beast,
 Approach the Walls and dare to Taste;
 The Gard'ner must produce a Part,
 To clear himself, or bear the Fault.
 For if I rightly Recollect,
 I have heard a Tale to this Effect;
 That once a Person of the Class,
 Of hardy Labourers as he past,
 He chanc'd to cast his longing Eyes,
 On rip'ning Pears of mighty Size,
 That hung upon the expanded Tree,
 Unhous'd by Leaves, and to the Opticks free:
 He knew not that their Tale was told,
 And therefore he with one made Bold;
 No sooner had he snatch'd the Prey,
 But Reynold as he bent that way,
 Perceiv'd the Thief, in hasty care,
 And quickly guest his Reason there;
 He muster'd all were left to view,
 But those indeed were one too few;
 For which the Delinquent was sought,
 And soon before his Worship brought:
 He swore point Blank he was the Thief,
 And he, as Witness was the Chief;
 Although the Theft was but a Pear,
 He made his Skin pay for it dear;
 For now to Bridewell he was brought,
 To suffer for this mighty Fau't;
 Where Cat and Block were both employ'd,
 'till both his Back and Hands were cloy'd:
 There hard he Work'd, and Flog'd to Boot,
 For longing for his Worship's Fruit.
 ——— So joining in the common Cry,
 As they all pray, why so pray I;

That

That is, because I would befriend him,
The Devil either take or mend him.



The Piper paid :

A Canto.

The following Verses were made from a Paragraph in the London Evening-Post about four Years ago, which gave an Account of an Adventure much after this Manner.

IN *Christmass* Time, no matter where,
The Story is not mighty clear ;
Yet true it is, and thousands tell it,
And so I'll shew you what befel it :
No Matter whether North or West ;
The Place nor makes, nor mars the Jest :
But to be brief, I'll tell you plain,
The Joak's as true, as Snow's not Rain.
In Country Village, where a Swain
Will chace a Nymph from Plain to Plain ;
And she not fly from his Embrace,
But for the Pleasure of the Chace :
And now it was, and here about ;
I mean to make my Story out.
A Jolly Company of such,
As think no Time nor Charge too much,
That's spent in Mirth and true Delight,
To pass away a Winter's Night ;
Now met to try their trusty Feet ;
And who cou'd dance or jigg most sweet.
The Pipe was tun'd in merry Strains,
And to excel each took great Pains :

The

The Lasses trip'd it, Hay and Figure;
 And *Tom* took Care to get'em Liquor :
 Each in his Turn subscrib'd his Part,
 To lead the Dance, or fill the Quart.
 To Cakes, or Syder, or strong Bub,
 Each Man with Pleasure join'd his Club
 The Lasses pleas'd, the Lads content;
 And thus in Mirth the Night was spent.

But now the Joak begins at last,
 And makes amends for all that's past.
 The Night being spent, the Morn's begun,
 And all agree to end the Fun.
 Each Lad his Lafs resolves to guard,
 Because 'twas dark, and raining hard.
 The Clock just now had number'd four,
 Which made 'em resolute to scour;
 Then taking Leave, and kissing round :
 The Piper saw 'em quit the Ground.
 Each fally'd out with such swift Flight,
 They all were quickly out of Sight.
 But now observe, the Storm increases;
 And all seek out for proper Places
 To shelter in from Wind and Rain;
 And quit the wet and sloppy Plain.

Here Fortune shew'd her friendly Face,
 And pointed out a proper Place :
 A Barn was near well fill'd with Hay;
 A Place both warm, and fit for Play;
 In here young *Robin* takes his *Kate*,
 And there they kiss, and play, and prate.
 Now *Robin*, wanton Rogue, d'you see,
 Begun to tickle *Kitty's* Knee;
 And she, young Soul, was full of Charms,
 And ev'ry Pulse beat Love's Alarms;
 With Heart most free embrac'd her Spark;
 For all her Fears were hid in Dark :

No Noise disturb'd their happy Bliss;
 They sipp'd the Sweets of ev'ry Kiss.
 Now *Robin* press'd the tender Maid
 To doubt no Part of what he said;
 For all was Love, and all was kind;
 And she, young *Daisy*, knew his Mind.

They Both agreed to try their Skill,
 For she was pleasant to his Will;
 And learn a Dance both new and sweet,
 Without much Exercise of Feet;
 Which they, the better to obtain,
 For both were in a merry Vein;
 Consented t'destroy all Prevention,
 That might obstruct their good Intention.
 His Breeches first were laid aside;
 And now come strip your Hoop, he cry'd:
 So Hoop and Breeches off were cast;
 And now they went to work at last.

But Fate that in our sweetest Hour,
 Has something bitter in its Power;
 Now shew'd her envious cruel Spite,
 And put her Bliss'es all to Flight.
 The Helm of Fortune, we'll suppose,
 It cou'd be nothing else, God knows;
 Directed *Tom* the Piper's Way,
 To seek for Shelter here with they.
 He laid him down among the Hay,
 Near where this Couple were at Play;
 And hearing human Voice so near,
 It made him still, intent to hear
 What pass'd between this am'rous Pair,
 Or what the Devil brought 'em there.
 He stay'd not long to know their Fun,
 For now their Sport was just begun:
 And then he heard the Damsel say,
 I wish the Piper here to play:

(She

(She thought a Tune wou'd do 'em good
 And being in a merry Mood,)
 Quoth she, I'd have the *Black Jack* plaid.——
 The Piper, hearing what she said,
 Streight gratified her last Desire,
 And play'd the Tune she did require.
 And then the Sport at which they play'd,
 Made both their Consciences affraid.
 Their Crime they understood so well,
 They thought the Music came from Hell:
 And so resolv'd, because he play'd
 So well, he shou'd be as well paid:
 For *Robin* left his Doxy there
 To fly, as he thought, from *Lucifer*:
 His Breeches likewise, and his Pelf,
 That the Devil he might pay himself:
 A Watch was in, and Guineas three,
 Which *Robin* gladly left to flee;
 And yielded as the Devil's Plunder,
 To quit his Music worse than Thunder.
 Poor *Kitty* found her Lover gone,
 And still the Devil playing on;
 Half dead with Fear, she quits the Place,
 But surely in a pitious Case.
 Her Hoop she left to be a Prey,
 With *Robin's* Breeches, for the Play:
 And wish'd the Devil might take his Gains,
 And be content for all his Pains.
 The Piper heard this Couple run,
 But still continu'd playing on,
 Through Thick and Thin they trip'd the Plain,
 And not so much as felt the Rain:
 Nor did poor *Robin* mind his Lass,
 But lost his ——— Girl, and starv'd his A—se.

He then went down to his Play,
To sell his Goods in the Hay;
The Hoop and Breeches there were cast,
To recompence his Labours past.
He seiz'd the Prize, then Home he went,
To tell the News of this Event;
Which caus'd much Mirth; and all agree'd,
The Joak was good, and he well fee'd.

F I N I S.



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